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IF we are to have Tariff Commissioners at all there is nothing much to be said against the three elderly gentlemen chosen by the Government. Sir George May, appointed, ironically enough, by Lord Snowden as Chairman of the Economy Committee which brought down the Labour Government, is now to be Chairman of the Committee responsible for administering the "National" Government's tariff remedy. It is a fitting revenge. For the Tariff Commission, judged by any of the foreign precedents, has an impossible task. If it is conscientiously to inquire into each industry which wants a more than 10 per cent. protection, it will be many months or even years before any conclusions can be reached. The material for inquiry is simply not available; years of research have not proved the iron and steel case. But the Commissioners may not find it possible to be too conscientious. They have to deal with a large range of subjects before the abnormal import duties expire in the summer.

* * *

In his fierce onslaught upon what he described as "the widest tariff in the world," Lord Snowden made one remark to which a great deal of attention has been called. He was not apparently embarrassed by the fact that he is himself, more than any other person, responsible for the introduction of this tariff. What worries him is Mr. Runciman's suggestion that the proceeds of the revenue tariff should go to the relief of the direct tax payer. Sir Herbert Samuel was worried over the same point. Lord Snowden went so far as to say quite correctly that to carry out the suggestion would be to make a breach of the conditions —"equality of sacrifice"—under which the Economy Act was passed last year. He even hinted that he and the other Free Trade members of the Cabinet—if one may still call them so—might resign on this subject. But why should they? They were to resign if a general tariff was introduced. They were to resign if food was to be taxed. They are now actually defending a Wheat Quota which is designed to raise the cost of bread. Can they really at this stage take a stand on the principle of not taxing the poor to relieve the well-to-do?

* * *

On Tuesday Mr. Chamberlain announced the abolition of all exchange restrictions. The Treasury has repaid thirty of the forty millions of American credit borrowed to keep us on the gold standard and more than half the credit given us by French bankers. Foreign money has suddenly begun to pour into England. We are suffering from a surfeit of "confidence", and business interests, which were terrified not many months ago that the pound might fall to nothing, are now scarcely less frightened lest foreign speculation should force it up to par. The banking and *rentier* interests will

no doubt do their best to send the pound up, and every effort will have to be made to prevent the interests of the rest of the community again being sacrificed to the City.

* * *

Hope and fear have alternated swiftly in the Far East this week. On Monday peace—or at least a truce—seemed imminent. On Tuesday Japan had accepted the proposed terms in such a way as to make the acceptance a refusal. On Tuesday the Chinese, pressed by the reinforcements which the Japanese had continued to pour in, were in full retreat—withdrawn in fact to the twelve and a half mile limit from Shanghai which the invaders have demanded. That meant the return of hope, for with a victory that would save her face Japan could sound the cease fire, if she wished to. It is probable that the militarists would like to pursue their advantage a good deal farther. But Japanese public opinion and the more moderate elements in the Government are beginning to see the need of prudence. This adventure has brought Japan world-wide unpopularity. It has cost her many lives and much money, and if it is pursued it will cost her a lot more. It might even at long last shake the Powers out of their funk-holes, in defence of their own interests if not of the Covenant and the Pact. American feeling is running high—far higher than is generally realised over here. If the League Assembly, which is meeting as we write, would rise to the occasion, this orgy of slaughter and destruction might be stopped without great difficulty.

* * *

But what then? Will the appeal from Nippon drunk to Nippon sober, with the friendly assistance of the Western Powers, lead to a firm peace? It will be hard to conciliate the Chinese after the brutality to which they have been subjected. It will be doubly hard, unless the Japanese consent not only to withdraw their forces from Shanghai, but to drop their plan of a neutral zone round the city. We hope that the signatories of the Nine Power Treaty, who are pledged, as Mr. Stimson has reminded them, to maintain the integrity and independence of China, will lend no support to that plan. And then, supposing that the Shanghai trouble can be cleared up, what of Manchuria? Covenant and Treaty apply there too, and the Japanese occupation, even if it is camouflaged under the flag of the new "independent" State of Mancho-kuo, will continue to be an outrage and a menace alike to peace and to the interests of China and of the rest of us. It remains to be seen how the League is going to dispose of this problem, which it has so miserably bungled. The Lytton Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Council may perhaps help. But we are not optimistic about it. On its way out it has spent some days in Japan, being banqueted and making amiable speeches to its hosts. We do not grudge it its dinners in Tokio or wish it to be impolite. But it would have looked better if it had enjoyed some Chinese hospitality as well.

* * *

Is ex-King Alfonso making a bid for his lost crown? A considerable stir has been caused by a manifesto, purporting to be written by him, which is circulating in more or less secrecy throughout Spain. The message attacks the Republic and calls upon all Spaniards to unite for its overthrow. It talks about restoring the Constitution, though some might doubt whether the return of the monarchy would secure that. One passage in the manifesto reads: "I was born Catholic King not by virtue of the Constitution, which I found already in existence, but by the Grace of God." There is also going the rounds an appeal emanating from the Infante Don Alfonso Carlos, addressed to the Traditionalists and urging support for his "beloved nephew Alfonso." We find it difficult to believe in the authenticity of these documents. Even if the ex-King were disposed to break his promise to place no obstacles in the way of the new regime, he surely cannot be so ill-informed about the strength of the Republic, which can count on the loyalty of the vast majority of the people as well as on the Army. He himself is at present on a holiday somewhere in the direction of Egypt, but has apparently declared through his secretary that he knows nothing of the manifesto. Nevertheless, there are a great many Spaniards who believe that he wrote it. And it is reported that the French Government is suspicious and is making investigations into the affair.

* * *

The Lapua movement is up to mischief again in Finland. These reactionaries (who may fairly be described as Fascists, though they profess themselves to be merely defenders of the State against Communists and Socialists) have taken up arms, and at the beginning of the week mobilised their forces for a march on the capital. Their immediate demand is the dismissal of the Cabinet, which contains ministers of too liberal a complexion for them. The Government has taken strong defensive measures, and it looks at the time of writing as if the rebellion will be nipped in the bud. Orders have been issued for the arrest of General Wallenius, the principal Lapuan leader and a former Chief of the General Staff, and several of his colleagues. Troops are massed in Helsingfors, and a press and postal censorship is in force. The country as a whole does not smile on this armed challenge or on the brutal outrages committed by hooligan gangs on workmen's clubs, though there is undoubtedly a good deal of "White" feeling among the bourgeoisie and the farmers, to whom Communism at home and over the Soviet border is a perpetual bogy.

* * *

It was revealed this week at a meeting of the Lancashire Public Assistance Committee that out of 89,000 applicants for unemployment relief no fewer than 39,000, or 43 per cent., had been refused any help at all, and another 30,000 granted relief at less than the full rate. In January it was stated that over the country as a whole the percentage of applicants to whom all relief was refused was 15 per cent. What explains this astonishing discrepancy? Is it due to the peculiar conditions of Lancashire labour, or is Lancashire peculiarly ferocious in its application of the Means Test? Or is the increase of nearly 200 per cent. in the proportion of disqualifications the result of a new "economy" drive at the expense of the unemployed? Probably both factors have been at work; for a new inquisition has been going on into the amount of savings still left to the unemployed, and a large number of the rejections

seem to have been made on this ground. It is, of course, impossible to say how much serious hardship is being caused by this wholesale rejection of claims. But it seems to be abundantly clear that the Means Test is working out most unfairly as between district and district, and that in some places it is being administered with a severity far exceeding what the public was led to expect when it was introduced. The whole scheme is radically wrong, and ought to be swept away in favour of a national scheme, managed on uniform principles all over the country, and open to public criticism. No scheme that was worked on such principles, we venture to suggest, could possibly lead to the disqualification of 43 per cent. of the applicants.

* * *

Edinburgh boasts that it is one of the finest cities in the world. Popular judgment classes Prince's Street as one of the most splendid in Europe. But if one wants to know the real characteristics of Edinburgh building, the report on housing conditions recently carried out by two very experienced women surveyors and property managers for the Scottish Survey Committee is a safer guide. Edinburgh is a shockingly overcrowded and badly housed city. It contains an exceptionally high proportion of squalid one-room lettings. Some of the tenements have been so divided and sub-divided that there are even cases where 48 families live over a single staircase. One reason why nothing gets done is that there are so many overlapping landlords—sometimes two landlords own separate rooms in one small flat. The same experts, Mrs. Barclay and Miss Perry, throw an even more unpleasant searchlight upon salubrious Kensington. (This survey is published for the Kensington Housing Association by the Weardale Press at the cost of threepence). Behind the façade of Victorian comfort one finds, for example, that in one room (14ft. by 10ft.), are a man and his wife and six children. In two other rooms there is a family of eight; the father and mother and baby sleep in the front room, and five boys and girls, varying from sixteen and fourteen to three years of age, all sleep in one bed in a very small back room. Perhaps it is from a sense of decency that the landlord provides no light in this room. These are not unusual instances; they are typical of street after street. "Agitators" would do well to study these reports. The socially complacent should leave them severely alone.

* * *

The London Stock Exchange is an exceedingly odd institution. Its buildings are owned by, and its profits accrue to, a body of private shareholders, on whose behalf they are administered by a body of managers and trustees. The general body of members of the Stock Exchange has no control over these managers or the funds at their disposal; and the Stock Exchange Committee, which decides on what terms shares may be quoted and draws up rules for the conduct of the Exchange, is a completely separate body, with no funds at its disposal. This curious arrangement was made many years ago, under a deed of trust; and the trustees have always held that their function is to run the Exchange as a profit-making institution for the benefit of the shareholders. There have been many attempts at reform; but they have broken down up to now because the shareholders have refused to forgo their present very advantageous position. A new attempt is now being made, with influential backing; but it may be necessary to invoke legislation, or at least the threat of it, before anything can be done. The Stock Exchange ought obviously to be managed at least as much as a public institution as the Bank of England, and there ought to be no question of its shareholders' profits standing in the way of its proper supervision in the interests of the public as well as of its members.

* * *

Provided that another £15,000 is forthcoming from the public before June 25th, five-eighths of the Foundling site will be secure as an open space and children's playground. There is no reason why the whole should not be saved. For that we must look in the main to the local authorities, who are very intimately concerned to preserve this playground for school-children in a highly congested area. Last year the public authorities, under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, actually formed plans for purchasing half the site. Since then Lord Rothermere has extended his gift, and the area which the local authorities have to save is reduced by a quarter. London has not grown any less dangerous or less crowded in the interval, and we hope that the public authorities will not be prevented by any false plea of economy from carrying out a duty which they willingly recognised only a year ago.

* * *

The comic little parliamentary squabble over Room 13 may perhaps after all have served a useful purpose. The room in question is small, draughty and inaccessible—so remote, indeed, from the lobbies that a protracted series of divisions must be very exhausting to its occupants. But the struggle for its possession throws light on the inadequacy, for the business of legislation, of our pretentious-looking Houses of Parliament. Imposing enough from the outside ("a Cathedral with knobs on" said one transatlantic visitor, and there is certainly a sufficiency of knobs) they are singularly ill-planned for the strenuous and complex work of law-making. The Chamber in which the Commons sit is, as everyone knows, so small that Members, though packed like sardines, cannot nearly all be accommodated; while outside the Chamber only a Minister or official can lay claim to "a room of one's own." The average member must work as best he can, in the library, the writing-rooms, or the lobbies. The underlying assumption, that the rank and file are there, not to take their exacting duties seriously, but merely to wander in and out of a Chamber in which there may or may not be room for them, makes naturally for slackness and a perfunctory discharge of legislative responsibilities. If Mr. Maxton and his group can drive this point home, their names will be remembered with gratitude when a more business-like House of Commons is built.

MARCH 12, SPRING BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *will be the* SPRING BOOKS NUMBER. *It will include a selected list of forthcoming publications and many extra pages of reviews with special attention to fiction.*

QUOTA OR SUBSIDY?

THERE are more ways than one of killing a cat; and there are also more ways than one of taxing the nation's food. The National Government would not dream of putting a tariff on imported wheat or meat. Oh, dear no! for that would be against the consciences and election pledges of a number of its members. But call the tax a quota scheme, and all their objections promptly disappear. The consciences of Free Traders in the Cabinet are given another narcotic, and the Labour Opposition is embarrassed, because it too has toyed with the idea of a quota for home-grown wheat. True, the present scheme is not a quota scheme in anything but name, and it is most manifestly a tax upon the people's food. But "quota" sounds much better than "tax"; and, if it means about as little as the word "National" in the Government's name, it may yet serve the same purpose of veiling the truth.

The Quota Bill itself is incredibly complicated, and drafted with an even unusally wanton quota of legal obscurity. But from the verbiage its main points can be disentangled by patient study. It proposes to hand out a subsidy to all home growers of millable wheat, and to raise the money by a tax on flour, to be paid directly by millers and flour importers, who will, of course, pass it on to the public. This subsidy, like the coal subsidy of 1925, is to be paid alike to those who need it and to those who do not; and, whereas the present price of British wheat is round about 25s. a quarter, it is to be based on a guaranteed price of 45s., at least for the first three years of the scheme. At this rate it is expected to cost the consumers about £6,000,000 a year. This is actually half a million more than a ten per cent. tariff on all imported wheat and flour would have cost, at the prices paid in 1931. So the consumer is to pay an extra half million or so for the privilege of not having his bread taxed, and as a mass for the souls of the Free Trade members of the Cabinet.

Under these delectable conditions for the English wheat growers, what survives of the quota itself becomes not an inducement to grow more wheat—for that is amply provided by the guaranteed price—but a deterrent against extending the cultivation enormously, and a limit on the amount the consumer can be called upon to pay. And it is to be observed that the National Farmers' Union has lost no time in starting an agitation in order to get this limit removed by raising the quota so as to allow still more wheat to be grown at full subsidy rates.

Now, most people who know anything at all about agriculture and about the prospects of world prices for agricultural products, are agreed that wheat is about the least likely of all such products to be successfully cultivated in Great Britain on an enlarged scale. There is far more hope for British farming, not only in the increased production of beef and pig's meat, but also in dairying, poultry farming, vegetable and fruit-farming —in fact in almost anything rather than the extended cultivation of wheat. There is a case, owing to the place of wheat in certain rotations and its value in cleaning the land, for enabling the British farmer to raise a certain quantity of wheat. But there is none at all for encouraging him to persist with it where he has the chance of changing over profitably to other uses of his land. The present Bill is undoubtedly calculated not merely to prevent wheat-farmers from looking for alternative products, but also to encourage fresh entrants into this most uneconomic type of agriculture.

This is because of the guaranteed price. We have felt no objection to a quota scheme for the British wheat grower, that is, to an obligation upon the milling industry to purchase a certain minimum quantity of British wheat, provided that the minimum was not put too high and that there was no question of any guaranteed price. To a guaranteed price, in any form, there is a strong objection, because it is bound to result in paying subsidies to persons who have no special need of them, because it is bound to involve heavy taxation of the nation's food, because it is certain, in the political circumstances, to be fixed absurdly high in relation to world prices, and finally because it must hold back the development of agriculture on more promising economic lines, and give the greatest encouragement to the obstinate conservatism of the British farming interest. A quota of reasonable size, without a guaranteed price, would have given British wheat-growing about the amount of support it merits, without either taxing the consumer to any considerable extent or encouraging the farmers to extend the cultivation of wheat in preference to expanding the other lines of production. The guaranteed price, with a sort of a kind of a quota attached to it, is quite another matter, and objectionable from every rational point of view.

Come now to the machinery of the Bill. There is to be a Wheat Commission of fourteen members; and of these the consumers are to have two, or rather two persons are to be nominated by the Ministry of Agriculture, in consultation with the Board of Trade, to represent the consumers' interests. There are to be four wheat-growers and two dealers in home wheat, three millers and an importer of flour, and a chairman and vice-chairman. This body, with a clear majority representing trade interests, is not only to administer the subsidy, but to advise the Minister about the amount of the guaranteed price. In addition there is to be a Flour Millers' Corporation, apparently drawn exclusively from the trade, which is to buy up and dispose of surplus home-produced wheat that is not sold through the ordinary trade channels. But for the most part farmers are to be left to sell their wheat as before, haphazard, to dealers or millers. There is to be no organised buying either of imported wheat or of the home supply, and no improvement in the economies of marketing. There is, indeed, a clause which lays down that, if at any time a Board is established under the Agricultural Marketing Act, the Wheat Commission may transfer to that body any of its functions in relation to registered growers. But no one attaches for the near future at any rate much practical importance to the purely hypothetical provisions. The farmer is more likely to prefer to go on collecting his subsidy rather than to attempt to improve marketing at the possible cost of making his claim to a subsidy more obviously indefensible even than it is now.

The present Bill is only an instalment. If the subjection of the consumer proceeds according to plan, a quota for Dominion wheat is to be added to the

home-grown quota after the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa. When the Dominion Prime Ministers first heard about the quota, they were very lukewarm for it; but of late their enthusiasm appears to have become much more marked. Doubtless they have discovered to their delight that, when the National Government says "quota," it means not "quota" but guaranteed price. The Dominion wheat grower will not be behind the British farmer in the fervour with which he will receive a proposal that he shall be paid more than the world price for his wheat. It is, from his point of view, even better than a protective tariff. For under the quota he, and not the British Government, will get what the consumer pays. This at any rate is the hope that has been raised up in the minds of the Dominion wheat producers by the new form which the quota proposal has been given in respect of home-grown wheat. For, if we have offered the home-producer a guaranteed price under the guise of a quota, can we offer less to the producers in the Dominions? At this rate we should have done better with a tariff.

We are threatened not only with a Dominion quota for wheat, but also with a home quota for pig's meat, and perhaps a Dominion quota as well. And we presume these quotas too are designed to be based on a system of guaranteed prices, financed at the consumer's expense. There is more to be said for encouraging pig-breeding than wheat-growing in Great Britain; but it will be a poor look out for those of us who like a rasher for breakfast if the British bacon industry is to be given an injection out of the same bottle as the wheat-grower. The right way to encourage British agriculture is not by subsidies at the consumer's expense, but by the improvement of marketing methods, the change over to products capable of the most profitable development by better farming and, when necessary, real quota schemes without guaranteed prices. Tariffs are in our view the wrong way; but this complicated system of indirect subsidies is worst of all.

THE IRISH SITUATION

THE Irishman has always been a puzzle to the Englishman, but never more so than at the present moment. A democratic election has unseated what was widely admitted to be the most honest and successful government in Europe. Mr. Cosgrave took over Ireland in ferment, and brought her to peace and as great a degree of prosperity as is possible to any nation nowadays. Her reputation for seriousness and wisdom was established and growing, her credit, measured by the price of her public stocks, was higher than that of England. In such circumstances she has decided to change her experienced and successful leader for an untried and somewhat alarming idealist in the person of Mr. de Valera.

It is natural that the Englishman should be puzzled. Nevertheless, his bewilderment is not overwhelming. He was probably more amazed by Ireland's ten years of peace, and what seemed to him sanity, than he would be at any vagary in which she might indulge. His interest in the recent election is largely a practical one. What does Mr. de Valera's victory mean? How far is he likely to go?

These are questions only time can answer; but the answer need not necessarily be dismaying. We can surmise the future chiefly by examining the past, and all past history teaches us that no political leader in opposition keeps to the letter either of his promises or of his threats.

The reasons why Mr. Cosgrave is going out and Mr. de Valera coming in are many. First of all, Mr. Cosgrave was ten years in office, and satiety is as fatal to governments as to marriages. Permanent officials are hidebound, and at times peremptory—Mr. Cosgrave's Income Tax Department certainly collected an imprudent amount of cash—and the harassed voter forgets that permanent officials are permanent, while governments change. Then, while Mr. Cosgrave was a practical politician, and knew that the raw material of the statesman is human nature, some of his ministers fixed their eyes too steadily on principle, and thereby trod on many toes, lay and clerical. And—for the most important of the secondary reasons—the influence of the Anglo-Irish and ex-Unionist was much too powerful, and too obvious, for the public taste. A great victory had been won, but where were the spoils? A few leaders had attained high honours and emoluments, a few followers had been given employments, not over-paid; but the children of the Gael for the most part toiled as before, and beheld the former oppressor not infrequently still dipping his hand in the flesh-pots. So might a faithful but unrewarded follower of Joshua have looked upon some Amorite lying, florid and bibulous, beneath a clustered vine while he himself was drinking water in a goatskin tent.

But all these are secondary causes of Mr. Cosgrave's defeat. For any one who wishes to view the Irish question with understanding there is one vital fact and one only. It is this: the Irish people will be satisfied with nothing less than complete independence and the unity of their island under a single government. To attain this they will sink every other consideration; and the leader who promises a seemingly shorter road to these ends will always, under universal franchise, drive out the more materialistic politician. The prophet who wished to increase his reputation in the recent Irish election should have travelled on the tops of trams in Dublin, or sat in the restaurants where students and young officials congregate, and marked how amazingly often in the conversation of girls and their "boys" idealised politics had for the time supplanted the customary topic.

Mr. Cosgrave's aim was—he proclaimed it—the ultimate complete independence of Ireland. He will be out. Mr. de Valera promised a shorter way, and will be in; and not the least of his troubles will be the considerable party that promises a shorter way still.

The Labour Party in the Dail, though but seven in number, will most likely be in a position to make or unmake Mr. de Valera's government; and on the Labour Party it will depend how far Mr. de Valera can fulfil his election promises. For the present Labour will not commit itself, and wisely so. It has something unique to offer, and can command almost its own price. Up till now the Irish worker has been fed on the lotus fruit of Nationality, and often not much else. This time his leaders should seek some more nourishing diet.

The three outstanding points in Mr. de Valera's policy are the abolition of the oath of allegiance, the withholding from England of the land annuities, and the repeal of the Public Safety Act. On none of these should he have any difficulty with Labour. The oath of allegiance in a sensible world should bring Mr. de Valera into conflict with no one. It is an unnecessary piece of blasphemy grudgingly conceded to England's superior force by the Irish plenipotentiaries at the Treaty. No one can believe it in the circumstances, any guarantee to the King or to E and. A ten per cent. preferential duty is worth a dozen t. The question of the oath will probably be referred by E and to the Dominions when the preferential tariff is bei discussed; and some less embarrassing statement of identical economic interests of Ireland and the British pire can be devised.

In the matter of retaining the la annuities Labour has

declared that it will support a proposal for referring the question to an independent tribunal. Here, too, a compromise will likely be made. The amounts paid yearly to England in this connection are a repayment to her of money advanced to buy out the former Irish landowners. The English claim seems to the layman well founded; but treaties are constructed, sometimes designedly, with many loopholes—Ireland's war contribution has already slipped through one of them—and the English people have their American debt to think of, and will be chary of creating awkward precedents.

Mr. de Valera will do well to compromise. Repudiation is a dangerous step, and with a quick-witted people like the Irish might lead to strange places. For one thing, if the land annuities are repudiated the Irish farmer who paid them will expect to reap the benefit himself, and Mr. de Valera is discomforting on that point. For another, the farmer, having practised repudiation in one direction, may find it a seductive thing and practise it more extensively, with serious results to Irish internal credit. It is incumbent on Mr. de Valera to obtain recognised legal authority for the meditated repudiation. If he cannot get that he had better pay. A government must govern within the law.

No question of legality can arise about doing away with the Public Safety Act. True, the Senate can delay all legislation for eighteen months, and it is four-fifths against Mr. de Valera; but his executive powers will, if necessary, enable him to dispense with repeal. Labour, which voted against the Bill originally, will be on his side.

Quite logically he will, he declares, pension all sufferers who took part in the revolt against England, not merely those who afterwards accepted the Treaty. Here, again, it is well to face an essential fact. What has been won of Irish freedom—it is no credit to England—was extorted by armed force, not granted to justice, but yielded to expediency. If a considerable body of Irishmen thought more could have been obtained had more force been used, it is hard to quarrel with their logic. The two sets of pensioners, Mr. Cosgrave's and Mr. de Valera's, will make uneasy bedfellows for a time; but there is a strong bond of union among pensioners, and all may be well if Mr. de Valera walks softly in the matter of the reductions of which he speaks, and remembers that in this case he is dealing not only with human nature, but with the kind of human nature that makes successful revolutions. Liberty is not often won by the conventionally behaved.

Rumour persistently whispers that Mr. de Valera will shortly be supplanted as leader of Fianna Fail by Mr. Sean Lemass, though Mr. Lemass has hitherto shown himself not only a capable but a staunch lieutenant. Mr. de Valera will govern none the worse for being aware that there is at hand someone able to fill his shoes.

On the whole it seems not only fair but expedient to give Mr. de Valera every chance. Already his utterances are becoming more those of a responsible statesman. He has admitted the good citizenship of the ex-Unionists, and promised them equality of treatment. He has acknowledged that England and Ireland are each other's best customers, and declared himself willing to negotiate for mutual economic advantage. He has abandoned his threats of compelling the Six Counties to come in.

At the lowest, he deserves sympathy on account of the enormous difficulties he has to face. The fall of Mr. Cosgrave has proved that it is almost impossible for the wisest and most experienced statesman to govern Ireland successfully while the enforced bonds with England remain. To England they are no advantage and bring no security. They are a clog and a danger to every Irish leader, and will continue so. Negligible in fact, in the imagination of every Celtic Irishman they are strong enough to bear the burden of every misdemeanour against the Irish nation. In the face of inconvenience or disadvantage nothing has been won. From the state of Dublin streets to the price of pork, all can yet be blamed on the fetters of England.

The very shadow of compulsion must disappear. For it there will, in no long time, be substituted voluntary agreement. If the most practical and the most intelligent of the European nations, their one great cause of difference removed, cannot bring themselves to combine willingly for their mutual benefit, there is no hope for the world.

But the most moderate amount of clear-headedness should recommend Mr. de Valera and his countrymen to have patience and to move slowly. Time is on their side. The struggle between themselves and the Anglo-Saxon has already been decided. The contestants are now but kicking a football after the referee's whistle has gone. Realisation of Ireland's ideal of an undivided and Celtic island may be a little delayed, but will assuredly come to pass, and the Gaelic tongue be spoken from Derry walls to the groves of Blarney. Sooner or later the Anglo-Irishman and the Scoto-Irishman will be as extinct in Ireland as the dodo or the great auk, eminent birds in their day, but laying too few eggs to preserve their species.

The future of the Irishman no one can predict. His friends will hope he does not draw his inspiration from New York or Chicago. But whether,

> A pensive angel singing to himself
> Upon a hill of heaven,

he will devote his energies to practising Gregorian chants, or whether Ireland will ultimately become a chain of fortified public-houses, is nobody's business but the Irishman's. Master of his own house for the first time in a thousand years, he will find existence agreeably diversified according to his own tastes, and, with a national self-satisfaction almost equalling that of an Englishman, will thank God that he is not as other men are.

M.A.C.T.

A LONDON DIARY

A SMALL crowd had gathered on the pavement: looking over their shoulders we saw a large terrier fighting with a fluffy nondescript mongrel who was getting the worst of it. The owner of the mongrel, a distracted elderly lady, flapped helplessly round the combatants imploring the silent bystanders to stop the fight. As we turned away, my cynical companion murmured: "Japan, China, and the League." His cynical symbolism was entirely misplaced, but what astonishes me is to find how common the attitude is. The habit of personifying foreign countries is inveterate and has been used for over a century to stoke up the flames of belligerent patriotism. "France" is our friend and everything that is good or our enemy and everything that is bad. Now since 1921 we have added a new and strange figure to this terrifying gallery of gigantic persons, a distracted old lady who is called the League of Nations. Lord Beaverbrook is always describing her with contumely and contempt in the *Evening Standard*. Mr. Garvin lectures her severely, if verbosely, in the *Observer*. "The League," he says, "could not be induced in time to face the plain probabilities of the Far East," and so should not be allowed or encouraged to take any action under the Covenant to stop Japan's war on China. He cannot see that the League does not exist, that there is no such person. The League is not an old lady in the presence of a dog fight, it is the Governments of Britain and France, Germany and Italy, China and Japan, which have solemnly pledged themselves to take certain steps to prevent aggression and war. But when anyone refers these patriots to the pledges and to Japanese bombs dropping on Chinese heads and Chinese territory, he is met with solemn or contemptuous abuse of the old lady who lives by the Lake of Geneva.

* * *

American opinion is far more excited about Shanghai than

is English opinion. Some newspapers devote several complete pages almost every day to the Chinese-Japanese situation. America has a long tradition of friendship with China, and as the prospect of an official League and American boycott recedes a movement for an unofficial individual boycott of Japanese goods in America grows. This movement may not prove so impractical or far-fetched as it sounds. It is just the kind of thing which may catch on in the United States, where all Government action is viewed with suspicion, while organisation by individual effort through "chain letters" is an established custom. I have in front of me two examples of these "chain" or "snowball" letters. One organisation is sending out a million copies, each asking each recipient to send out five more. "With speed," the letter points out, "a month will cover the nation and reach beyond." The letter urges that Japan has ruthlessly repudiated her treaty obligations and is making war on "an unprotected and unoffending people," and she can "quickly be stopped by economic pressure." It asks each citizen who receives this letter to purchase nothing of Japanese origin, to patronise no Japanese organisation or business firm, to use no Japanese labour and to "make known the reason for this discrimination. . . . Enlist the co-operation of your friends to do likewise. . . . Act with promptness and live up to the boycott yourself."

* * *

Now whether these requests are likely to be acted upon by a few thousand people or by five or twenty millions I have no idea. But the movement cannot fail to be important. The Japanese ambassador in the United States is informed when one of these "snowballs" begins upon its course, and the Japanese are peculiarly susceptible to boycotts or even to the threat of boycotts. It may seem idiotic to try to bomb people into trading with you, but it was, in fact, the extremely effective Chinese boycott which provoked Japan into attacking Shanghai. But, if an unofficial boycott of Japanese goods begins in the United States, Japan can scarcely bomb San Francisco or Washington. Nor can they say that the United States has no effective government and therefore cannot expect to be treated like a civilised nation. Better still, if the Government has no hand in it, Japan will have no cause for official complaint. As a method of coercing the aggressor it is ideal. The "chain" letters are organised by people who are supremely anxious to avoid war and who realise that if Japan is permitted to proceed unchecked or is threatened by Government action there is a grave danger that the Big Navy League will be given a terribly strong propagandist weapon, and that the talk which used to be so common before the Washington Conference about a probable Japanese-American war is likely to be revived. They hope by an individual trade boycott to circumvent both the Japanese and their own militarists.

* * *

It seems to me that a dangerous system is growing up in our courts by which, after a man is convicted, but before sentence, the police are allowed to make long, uncorroborated, tendencious statements about his character which must be extremely prejudicial to him, but which he has no opportunity of controverting. The report of a case in the *Times* gives a good instance of this. Arthur Horner, a miner in the Rhondda Valley, was charged with others with unlawful assembly, when an attempt was made to prevent the execution of a distress warrant for rates. After his conviction, a police inspector proved a previous conviction against him for evading military service during the war. I have nothing to say against that, but the inspector was then allowed by the judge to go on to make statements about the accused and his motives and character which must have depended largely, and in some cases entirely, upon the inspector's personal opinion and political prejudices. For instance, the inspector said:

> Horner has paid frequent visits to Russia, and it is assumed that he has been well paid by Russia for his efforts to destroy the peace of this country, which he is apparently determined to undermine. During his absence matters are normal at Mardy, which, prior to his advent, was a prosperous industrial district. The collieries employed 2,500 men, of whom the majority earned £9 a week. Now the place is practically derelict.

What relevancy is there to the man's conviction or sentence in the fact that a police inspector "assumes" that he has been paid by Russia? And consider the state of mind of this witness who tells the judge that *the majority* of the miners in the collieries used to earn £9 a week and that the present deplorable economic condition of the mining industry is due to the machinations of a single man, the prisoner in the dock! After listening to such evidence the judge sentenced the prisoner to *fifteen months' imprisonment!* Really, we seem to be back in the good old days which followed Waterloo.

* * *

After Mr. Neville Chamberlain's explicit statement that he did not consider any "economist" suitable as a member of the Tariff Commission there is a certain piquancy in the appointment of Sir Sydney Chapman. Sir Sydney was, after all, Professor of Political Economy at Manchester University from 1901-1917, and he is the author of the very well known *Outlines of Political Economy*. Are we to take it that Mr. Chamberlain does not think that anyone who is known to have held Free Trade principles can be called an economist? CRITIC.

REPRESSION AND CONCESSION

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN INDIA.]

THERE have been many occasions during the last fifty years when the Government of India has felt constrained to adopt "a nicely blended policy of repression and concession." It is easy enough to attack such a policy, and to object to certain features in the present instance, such as the indiscriminate manner in which some arrests have been made, notably that of Mr. Sen Gupta, who was not even allowed to land in Bombay and show whether he intended to join the Civil Disobedience movement or not. It is, however, difficult to suggest any alternative method, and few Englishmen in India were surprised when Lord Irwin said that he would undoubtedly have had to adopt a similar policy himself if he had been at Delhi. Twelve months ago Lord Irwin had to deal with a movement which had behind it an immense body of public opinion, irrespective of creed and province. It had adopted a new technique for political agitation which was well suited to the Indian temperament. The Congress Party was able to force the Government into a thoroughly unhappy policy of mass arrests, and of filling the prisons with the rag, tag, and bobtail of the towns, while Mr. Gandhi could honestly claim to have an overwhelming majority of the country behind him. Probably the Government could have continued their policy almost indefinitely, but in view of the immense harm which was being done to India as a whole, and to the lack of support which the Government could claim, there is no doubt that Lord Irwin was right to begin negotiations with the Congress Party.

It is sometimes forgotten that when these negotiations were begun, not only Mr. Gandhi himself, but many thousands of his followers, had been in prison for some months. The only difference in method this year has been that arrests were made quicker, and that well known leaders have been put away before they have committed any overt acts. It is almost certainly wrong to attribute the comparative success of this policy to the use of the Ordinances. Very few of these special powers have been put into force, and in the one Province where they were definitely needed they have not led to the rounding up of the Bengal terrorist

group. The change is almost entirely due to the decadence of the Congress Party since the Karachi meeting. The Easter Congress last year marked the highest point to which the Party had reached. It had the support of a strong Moslem section, and neither those Moslems who remained outside nor the Hindu Liberals cared to dissociate themselves with its demands or even its general policy. The Party was united under Mr. Gandhi, who had little difficulty in dominating the meeting. The Party began to deteriorate from that date, and the weaker it grew the more intransigent it became, and the more wildly did it bluff. Such is the political game all the world over. The partial success of the Willingdon Government is due to calling the bluff.

Many of the present troubles of the Congress Party are due to Mr. Gandhi's leadership. Only a very strong and rather cynical man could have survived unspoilt from the adulation which was poured upon him by his immediate friends, by the Hindu masses who revered him as a saint, and by the heterogeneous collection of people from all over the world who hailed him as a prophet. He began to imagine himself as a new kind of dictator, the very last role in the world for which he is suited. He rapidly succeeded in alienating all except the caste Hindus. Nothing could have been more futile than his handling of the Moslem problem last summer, or of Dr. Ambedkar and the "depressed classes" question at the Round Table Conference. He dithered over the question of violence, and bitterly offended the Mahrattas by joining in the adulation of Bhagat Singh, and then reproving in his most pontifical manner the Deccani youth who fired at Sir Ernest Hotson. He upset the Liberals by the way in which he would sometimes ask for and then totally disregard the advice of men like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. Finally he could not even hold his own Party together. The Karachi meeting was followed by a series of bitter disputes all over India. In Bengal the Congress was divided into two camps under Mr. Subhas Bose and Mr. Sen Gupta, and by the time these two had finished slinging mud at each other there was really no more left for anyone else to throw. In other parts, like the United Provinces and the Punjab, there were quarrels over leadership of the Provincial groups and over money, while in Bombay and elsewhere those volunteers who had been receiving daily allowances felt that they had been unfairly treated when their pay was stopped immediately the Pact came into force. Six months were sufficient to show that whatever may be Mr. Gandhi's attributes as a thinker or as a saint he is totally ineffective as a political leader. His weakness is that of the *bunniah* caste to which he belongs. He will jeopardise an important agreement in order to try to get some additional but quite unimportant advantage.

The real leadership of the Congress Party soon devolved upon men like the Patels, Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, Mr. Subhas Bose, and others. In most cases their views were considerably more advanced than those of Mr. Gandhi, but they were effective organisers and quite prepared to enter wholeheartedly into the sordid game of politics. Many of them are bitter opponents of the whole scheme of Federal Government, and there is little doubt that the real leaders of the Congress were quite determined that Mr. Gandhi should not come back from London bringing with him the sheaves of a moderate victory. They set themselves, therefore, to the deliberate task of compromising the Party, taking a line which they knew would alienate many of their more moderate supporters. In the United Provinces they carried on their anti-landlord campaign, in Bengal they did nothing to dissociate themselves from the terrorist campaign, they fished assiduously in the troubled waters of the Frontier. They knew enough of the Mahatma to be certain that he would not break with them when he got back to India, and that he would not take any definite line. What they did not quite appreciate was the extent to which they were annoying large sections of the population, and especially some of those sections, such as the shop-keepers and money-lenders, upon whom they depended for their supplies. The former grew tired of continued *hartals*, many of which were called at the instigation of some unimportant politician. The propertied classes were disturbed by Mr. Nehru's vague communism and the anti-rent campaign. Finally a considerable section of moderate opinion was shocked by the terrorist campaign, especially by the Comilla tragedy. The employment of young girls to commit the murder seemed particularly offensive to many Hindus.

While the Congress Party was thus shielding many of its Hindu supporters, it was also widening the gulf between its followers and those Moslems and lower-caste Hindus who had remained outside. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the unhappy events at Cawnpore, in Kashmir, and round Chittagong, which have helped to increase communal tension during the last nine months. At the beginning of 1931 it was possible, if over-optimistic, for Mr. Gandhi to claim that he had the bulk of non-Hindu opinion behind him, but now it would be merely absurd. He has had his chance and failed. His failure was due partly to his inability to control his own lieutenants, partly to certain personal limitations as a political leader. The next few months will show whether he can regain his position and his prestige, or whether another and more competent leader will take his place. At present it is difficult to see such a leader coming except from the extremist side. Anyone with the ability of a Tilak or of the late Mr. C. R. Das would be able to reorganise the Nationalist movement amongst the better-class Hindus so long as he was sufficiently extreme and sufficiently anti-British. Repression, even if temporarily effective, makes no difference to this feeling, but it is possible that "concession," if it means a policy of vigorously working out the Federation scheme, may produce, province by province, men of the sanity and independence of the late Mr. G. K. Gokhale. At present such men are unwilling to oppose the Congress Party, which they feel has done valiant service for them in the past, or to support a Government which is still almost entirely irresponsible.

G. T. G.

HAVING IT BOTH WAYS

In regard to most goods, the foreign exporter would pay the duty or a large part of it to retain the market.—VISCOUNT HAILSHAM.

DID I but own a mind
To contradictions blind,
Like Viscount Hailsham and the Brigadier—
Economists profound
To whom each several ground
Of our new fiscal policy is clear—

Then I might understand
What subtle ways are planned
To keep out foreign goods, and yet to win,
For our Exchequer's ease,
What revenue we please,
From taxes on the goods that won't come in.

For hear Lord Hailsham say
The foreigner will pay
The duties we impose, and so retain
The market he enjoyed;
From which our unemployed,
In some mysterious way, new work will gain.

And so, throughout his speech,
Each clause, confuting each
(Cheap goods are banned, yet nothing grows more dear),
Would ease my troubled mind—
If only I were blind
Like Viscount Hailsham and the Brigadier.

MACFLECKNOE.

AN OFFICER PROTESTS

A DRAMATIC incident is reported from Cardiff, where an Education Week Exhibition is being held in the Territorial Drill Hall. No sooner was the Exhibition opened than the news spread like wildfire that the League of Nations Union was running a stall at it. Agitated by the news, an officer in the Army hastened to the Hall and entered a firm protest against "War Office property being used for anti-military purposes." He then telephoned to the organisers of the Exhibition asking them to have the offending stall removed. His request having been refused, he invited the organisers to meet him and discuss the matter, but without result. And, at the time of going to press, there the matter stands.

I trust the officer will not get into trouble with the authorities because of his impetuosity. He is evidently a simple and honest soldier who has not yet grasped the fact that the armies of the world and the League of Nations have exactly the same object in view. It may seem paradoxical to those who have not studied the matter profoundly, but the great object of all military preparations, as of all pacifist organisations, is peace. Wars are not fought for warlike ends; wars are fought either to end war, like the greatest war of all, or to prevent war, like the present war in China. Armies and navies, indeed, have always been the great peacemakers of the world. "If you desire peace, prepare for war," is said to be a misquotation, but the sentence has been misquoted so often by bellicose speakers and writers that it is evident that what they prize above all things is peace.

All the great peaces of history have been the result of wars. When I was at school and had to learn dates, I never found the date of a single peace that was not brought about by soldiers. It was not pacifists, but soldiers, who gave distracted Europe the blessings of the *Pax Romana*. In the nineteenth century the British War Office and Admiralty co-operated in laying the foundations of the *Pax Britannica*. Then came a wave of idealism in Germany, when a group of high-minded soldiers and sailors set out to give mankind a *Pax Germanica*. To-day the peace-loving Japanese are obviously using all their military and naval resources in order to establish a *Pax Japonica* in the East. It is clear from all this that throughout history the soldiers and sailors have been doing, and doing triumphantly, the things that the League of Nations Union is trying to do to-day. If the military officer at Cardiff were logical he would call for the suppression of the War Office on the ground that it had for generations been used for anti-military purposes. He would also clamour for the disbandment of the British Navy which has been described as the greatest instrument for peace the world has ever seen.

I cannot help wondering, indeed, how the young officer can read the history of the Empire to which he belongs without a blush of shame for its long record of deliberate pacifism. Is he really innocent enough to believe that England went over half the world conquering and annexing places for the fun of the thing? The history of Anglo-Irish relations alone is enough to disprove this. Looking towards Ireland centuries ago, England, rightly or wrongly, said to herself: "These people are always fighting each other. Fighting is wrong. As a peace-loving nation we must do something to stop it." And, at a great cost to herself, she sent fire and sword through Ireland in order to prevent the Irish from sending fire and sword through Ireland. Her love of peace was shown by the fact that she never felt happier than when the Irish ceased fighting. The submission of Shane O'Neill, the submission of Sarsfield, were red-letter events in the history of England. And, if she remained in Ireland after peace was made this was for no ignoble purpose. It was because she was honestly convinced that her departure would be the signal for a fresh outbreak of fighting among the Irish. I was myself brought up among Unionists, and I never once met a well-informed Unionist cynical enough to suggest that England was in Ireland for her own purposes. Either she was there to prevent Ireland from being annexed by some selfish and warlike power or to keep the peace between Orange and Green. And all over the Empire you will find the same story. The English sword has always been an olive-branch in disguise. The British Lion's one ambition has always been to be a domestic pet.

I wish someone would rewrite the *History of War* in such a way as to bring out more clearly the benevolent objects of most of the military operations of the past. If everybody realised that the object of all wars is peace it would be much easier for militarists and the League of Nations Union to co-operate with each other. The militarists suspect the League of Nations Union of shutting its eyes to the best means of producing peace. The League of Nations Union suspects the militarists of a secret preference for war. There may be one or two militarists left who look on war as the greatest sport ever invented, but I fancy the ordinary militarist, if he could get all he wanted by peaceful means, would be willing, and even glad, to abstain from fighting for it.

Human beings are of a finer mould than the cynics will admit. La Rochefoucauld sees in all their actions the motive of self-love, but, if we judge them by their own professions—and who should know the truth better than they?—the chief motive of human conduct is the desire to benefit others. Take, for example, an extreme case—that of the religious persecutors. Superficially, they appear cruel and selfish men, enjoying nothing better than torturing their enemies. Look deeper, however, and you will discover that they do not torture their enemies for fun. Their main purpose is to save their enemies' souls—the grandest instance of generosity in the history of our race. I often think there is nothing more inspiring than the record of religious wars in which two armies go hacking and massacring each other in order to save the souls of persons whom they do not like. Catholic and Protestant alike deserve honour, and not reprobation, for the great soul-saving expeditions of the past. Men less earnest would have sat at home and let their enemies go to the devil. Mr. Shaw, in *St. Joan*, did something to show us how fundamentally generous was the purpose of the Inquisition, and the giants who fought in the religious wars on both sides were stirred by the same motive.

Again, if we come to the small matters of our own day, we shall find the same lofty disinterestedness shaping the conduct of men in their public activities. Politics are commonly supposed to be honeycombed with self-interest, but, so far as I can judge, every member of every party has no other thought but how best to help the under-dog. This is particularly noticeable in discussions on a possible sixpenny reduction of the income tax. Those who do not know human nature might think that this reduction of the income tax is demanded chiefly in the interest of the income-tax payers. They would be wrong. The income-tax payer is clamouring for a reduction of the income tax, not because a high income tax injures him, but because it hits the working man. Lower the income tax, he says, and there will be more money to invest in industry, and therefore more employment for the working classes. Mr. Maxton himself could not be more idealistic than that. And a similar idealism runs through the entire policy of the National Government. Tax the working-man's food, says the Government in effect, but do it for his own sake. If I were a working man—and I suppose I am in a way—I should be proud of the position I hold in the thoughts and affections of all parties. I should know that if the price of clothes went up it was really the Government's way of helping me. I should know that if the weekly household

bills increased somebody in authority was somehow doing me good.

Yes, we must surely be approaching the peak of civilisation to-day, when everybody loves the working man and everybody loves peace, and the Japanese Army and the League of Nations Union pursue the same object in different guises. It must be a difficult world for a cynic to make head or tail of. It is a happy spectacle for those of us who believe in the deep and widespread disinterestedness of our fellow-creatures. Y. Y.

Correspondence

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(We are only able to print a few typical letters on this subject out of the very large number which we have received from masters at different English Public Schools.—ED. N. S. & N.)

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Raymond Mortimer says: "Will any schoolmaster contradict me?" and has, no doubt, thereby brought on you a flood of letters from the profession. I can, therefore, only hope that you will print this one and state that I have been a master at one of the largest Public Schools for six years and was a boy at another one for five.

It is impossible for me to do justice to all Mr. Mortimer's trenchant attacks on the Public Schools, but possibly he will allow that his judgment has been affected by one particular instance, and that a personal one. Can I persuade him that in the house of the school where I was taught the number of floggings was much nearer "three or four on the average" a term than the same number a day? That at the school where I teach a similar curtailment in the fun enjoyed by the boys does not mean that I have the fun instead, as masters are not allowed to flog? Will he believe that in my house, a very ordinary house, the orgies of sexual perversion of which he speaks were really quite unknown? We told our stories and made our jokes with the best of them, but I can look back on no such heights as those he recounts.

It is impossible to defend the Public Schools *seriatim* in a letter. But one point strikes me which is perhaps worthy of mention. My father-in-law in the 'eighties worked in the atelier of a Paris architect to learn his craft. He has sometimes regaled me with an account of those days, has told me of the ordeal which the novices endured at the end of their first year at the hands of the other students, of the system whereby the junior novice present used every day to fetch the food from neighbouring cafés for his seniors working in the atelier. But when he speaks with enthusiasm of his life as a student in Paris, I do not want to hold up my hands in horror and exclaim, "What bullying! and fagging too!" Would Mr. Mortimer?

That there are schools and houses in schools where bullying is practiced and where sexual perversion is common is obviously true. But Mr. Mortimer, when he judges the whole system by these cases, is really falling into the very same vulgar error as those, for instance, who condemn the whole Catholic Church for the sins of the Borgias. In fact, Mr. Mortimer's review reminds me of so many books and articles on the Secret Sins of the Courts of the Tsar, the Crimes of the Vatican, and so on, all the well-known products of the Nonconformist conscience. And the "games master." He gets his turn, of course. It may surprise him to know that, at one of the largest schools which play at Lord's, the cricket and Rugby football are both controlled by men who not only were not Internationals, but were not even Blues.

"Intellectual integrity, freedom from prejudice, sensitiveness to beauty, moral courage—to name only a few of the very highest and most precious human qualities—these are things which it would be foolish for any boy to hope to learn at a Public School. . . . Will any Public Schoolmaster contradict me?" But it is not as easy as all that. Professionals are timorous and diffident men. I can remember a shoddy and insincere essay being blasted by the breath of criticism—it should have done something to teach me intellectual integrity. I can remember meeting for unseen translation, specially selected by a master who was certainly "sensitive to beauty," a passage from the *Journal des Goncourts*, which opened my eyes to what beauty of style meant.

But let me be cowardly and put a question to Mr. Mortimer: "Fair criticism, moderation, distrust of argument from the particular to the general—these are things it would be foolish for anyone to hope to find in a critic of the Public Schools." Will Mr. Mortimer contradict me?

Finally, can I persuade Mr. Mortimer, though I feel it is impossible, that there are many masters at Public Schools who do not feel that they are perfect places, who would wish to reform them along lines he might conceivably approve of? But nothing will make things more difficult for them than effusions such as his review, which can only cause those who are interested in the Public Schools to react as violently and thoughtlessly in their favour as he has reacted against them. N. N.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Raymond Mortimer's review of L. B Pekin's *Public Schools* is typical of so much of the writing in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION: it is a deadly attack on abuses which have already died a natural death. Conditions such as he describes in his review may have existed in Tom Brown's schooldays and in his own, but they do not exist to any considerable extent to-day.

Mr. Mortimer says that the Public School boy "knows nothing of citizenship or culture"; the trouble is that he knows too much: he is lectured on the subjects several times a week. The result is that the boy is crammed with the shibboleths of civics and æsthetics until he is fit for nothing but an anarchist—or a lecturer, or a Bloomsburian. Then Mr. Mortimer says that "Mr. Pekin has amusing stories of how all friendship between boys, all friendship between masters and boys, is unwisely discouraged." The stories may be amusing, but they are not true of the majority of Public Schools: may I refer your reviewer to the report of the first conference of junior Public School masters published by the Cambridge University Press as *Harrow Lectures on Education*? The fact is that the schoolmaster has a new conception of his work. The dug-outs who were appointed to Public Schools during the war have already retired. The senior masters now are men who, perhaps for the first time in the history of pedagogy, have had a liberal education—in the Great War. The junior masters are men who were enlightened undergraduates yesterday and who are in many cases still to-day readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Finally, Mr. Mortimer maintains that intellectual integrity, freedom from prejudice, sensitiveness to beauty, moral courage "are not only not taught but are definitely discouraged," and he challenges any Public School master to contradict him. I enclose a letter to Mr. Mortimer inviting him to visit a certain Public School. He will not find the subjects on the curriculum, and he will not find boys free from prejudice, but as for the rest. . . .

It is most important that the Public Schools should be attacked: they are anomalous and in some ways pernicious institutions. But only harm can be done by blaming them for faults which they have grown out of. ROGER CLARKE.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In fairness to the present staff of Malvern I should like to make it clear that the personal experiences to which I referred happened in the years 1909 to 1912, not under the present Headmaster or Housemaster. I hope to have something further to say on the subject of Public Schools after visiting several of them to which I have received invitations as a result of my review. The letters I have already received convince me that in many there have lately been great changes for the better, but what struck me in Mr. Pekin's book was that his experiences, which were recent, in so many ways coincided with my own.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am teaching at a school in the South of England. Recently I lent a copy of your paper, for which I have the greatest admiration, to one of the boys, as I wanted him to read certain articles in the Disarmament Supplement. A few hours later, the paper was returned to me by the Headmaster, who politely requested me never to lend "such things" to the boys, as their fathers would not like it. The school takes in the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Mail*—which papers, of course, the boys can read without moral injury. F. R.

A NATIONAL LABOUR PARTY?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—On the surface the duel between Mr. Rowse and Mr. Elton is about the future of the British Labour Party. In reality, however, what is at stake is something far more important to this country than the relative survival value of the majority and the minority in the last Labour Cabinet. It is the character and policy of the British Party of the Left in the coming years. The immediate future of British politics is uncertain and depends more upon happenings outside this country than on tactics within it. But one thing can be predicted with absolute certainty. If the ideas championed by Mr. Rowse hold sway in the organised political Labour movement, it has no hope of recovering the position which it attained between 1918 and 1929.

We know exactly what Mr. Rowse wants, for he has told us in a very able and interesting book. He, and those who think with him, are out to continentalise British Socialism, and on a pattern which was already antiquated in 1914. "Marxism," he tells us, fifty years after Mr. Hyndman had made the same discovery, even then a little belated, "is the intellectual system which has above all relevance and significance in modern conditions." "The way is open," he adds, "for a Marxist outlook to take its natural place in the intellectual life of English Socialism." The obvious comment is that British Socialism has been striving for forty years (and until last August with increasing success) to extirpate its Marxian strain. By a mischance comparable to that which has befallen us in Geneva through the withdrawal of the United States in 1920, the British movement of the Left became entangled in the early 'eighties with the Marxian ideology. A Marxian cuckoo invaded its nest, with disastrous results not so much on the behaviour as on the forms of speech of the native family. This created a false intellectual and moral situation which has been the greatest handicap which British Socialism has had to face in explaining its policy and outlook, whether at home or abroad.

Marx could never have appealed to Englishmen in any case, any more than his ancestors, Hegel and Rousseau, or his successors, Lenin and Bukharin. We put aside the revolutionary doctrine of rights nearly three hundred years ago and each fresh crisis testifies to the undying strength of our constitutional tradition. But what makes Mr. Rowse's Neo-Marxism particularly untimely is the strength in British politics and social life of the Trade Union movement. Trade Unionism and Marxism are impossible associates. They represent two utterly different worlds. As Henri de Man (who has had ample opportunity of seeing the fire—real Continental fire—and the water trying to coalesce) puts it: "There is an abyss between Marxist theory and the practice of Trade Unionism . . . From Marx down to Trotsky British Trade Unionism has remained a monstrous anomaly and an insoluble psychological problem."

In arguing thus I am not advocating that the British Party of the Left must be organically linked with Trade Unionism. I recognise, as Mr. Elton does, the constitutional dangers involved in the existing arrangement. All I mean is that Trade Unionism faithfully represents the outlook and "intellectual climate" of the British working class and that, as things now are, a Party of the Left deliberately based on doctrines uncongenial to it has no more chance of success than Victorian Liberalism would have had if it had put forward ideas which were anathema to the middle classes.

Oxford. ALFRED ZIMMERN.

HOW TO STOP WAR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Ordinary men and women must have been filled with admiration for the courage and self sacrifice evinced in the offer of Miss Maude Royden, the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, and Dr. A. Herbert Gray to stand unarmed between the combatants. On the other hand the Governments and Foreign Offices must be filled with amusement, if not derision, at the fatuity, if I may be permitted to use the word, of the offer. It is agreed on all sides that if our Government would take the lead in a proposal to withdraw ambassadors, sever financial relations, and boycott Japanese goods, Japan would be prepared to use reason instead of force in the settlement of the dispute. May I suggest to the three people who made this truly Christian offer that they set about organising the transport workers in a refusal to handle Japanese goods? If that does not impress the Government, let them organise a one-day strike of all the nation's workers, brain as well as hand. I venture to think that they will find this course of action requires as much courage, and as much steadfastness of purpose, as the offer to stand unarmed between the combatants.

It is more useful, though more difficult, to live actively for peace than to die for it. BEATRICE L. KING.

54 Weymouth Avenue, W.5.

TARIFFS AND ART

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—At this time, when many are questioning the wisdom of a levy against art, may I point out an unsuspected problem facing the tariff commission in this sphere?

There is published in Leipzig a series of small colour reproductions of early and modern painters. These are suitable for framing, but are probably bought chiefly by the "portfolio collector" for his own examination and instruction. I have bought several dozen of these in various shops in Paris, and uniformly paid the democratic price of four francs each. In Oxford, before there was any question of adverse exchange, the same reproductions were in all shops two shillings and sixpence, about four times the Paris retail price. It emphasises the enormity of the discrepancy that the article is one not (then) subject to duty and one all but free from transportation costs. In America and Germany where the costs of retailing must equal or exceed here, the retail price is, I am informed, forty cents. and one mark, respectively.

What in the economic phantasy under which we live justifies a toll on a thing of such high cultural value as are these pictures? To protect our local dealers in art, will the National Government now be forced to a 400 per cent. duty to keep us from buying these pictures in Paris? T. C. RUCK.

Wadham College, Oxford.

THE LESSON OF DARTMOOR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Henry Cleeve is suffering from the old obsession that if you make prison life either tolerable or useful, you will also make it popular. Every reform in prison administration has been opposed on this ground by people who, like Mr. Cleeve, forget that regular meals, regular work and regular wages, however desirable, are too dearly bought if the price is personal freedom. The great mass of people are deterred from crime not by fear of punishment but by the force of habit, custom and public opinion. History shows that all this talk about the deterrent effect of severity is beside the point, for fear will not beget virtue. An intelligent society, however self-regarding, will strive to make its penal methods reformative, for the simple reason that the best way of protecting Society from the burglar is to persuade the burglar to choose another means of livelihood and to maintain his dependents by the sweat of his brow instead of at the expense of his neighbours. CICELY M. CRAVEN.

The Howard League for Penal Reform.

Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

THE DOUGLAS SCHEME

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is rather amusing to one who has given a considerable amount of thought and study to the question of consumer credits in general and to the Douglas Plan in particular to find Mr. Cole failing to negotiate the *pons asinorum* of a system logically as rigid as that of Euclid. The argument of the Douglas central thesis, like that of the Fifth Proposition, seems beyond question; any element of doubt is as to the correctness of the premises. Will Mr. Cole have another look at the generalisation on p. 30 of the *Monopoly of Credit*, and the arguments which follow? Will he then consider a productive process of a number of stages and imagine that a proportion of the money borrowed from the banker to help finance the first stage has to be recovered in the price asked by the first stage manufacturer of the second stage manufacturer in payment for the latter's intermediate goods? If then the sum so recovered is used to repay a part of the original

loan to the banker, who in turn lends it to the second stage manufacturer, and if the operation is repeated to the last stage and the amount then cancelled by the banker, a case will have been advanced in which the same amount of money appears as many times in the final cost as there are stages. The purchasing power involved is, however, the original amount only, and this only continues to circulate if at the last stage the banker reissues it. It then contributes to costs in some other process.

"Stanmer," Blake's Lane, G. NEWBERY.
New Malden.

THE "WHEAT QUOTA"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In a leader note in last issue of THE NEW STATESMAN, on the proposed "Wheat Quota," you specify, as the possible payer of the farmers' subsidy, the miller, the consumer, or the State. I think you have left out the agent who must have more to do with the allocation of the cost than either the miller or the State—the baker. The millers are so effectively organised that it is safe to say whatever the quota costs will be passed on to the baker. In his turn, the baker will either pay the extra cost of flour out of his profits or pass it on to the consumer. In the latter case a new dilemma appears. I do not know, nor can estimate, the cost to the miller, but, assuming it to be 1s. per sack (280 lbs.) of flour, he may easily add that to the price. But the baker, on account of the regulations of the Weights and Measures Act, cannot collect from his customers 1s. per sack. He *must*, if he is to get anything, increase the price of his bread by one farthing per 2-lb. loaf, which amounts, on a sack of flour, to 3s. 10d. to 4s. Bakers are very loosely organised, and in many districts they may pay the whole quota cost: in others, the consumers will certainly pay, and then four times the amount or more than the wheat farmers will receive as subsidy. It will be interesting to watch who will pay, and who, beside the farmers, are to be subsidised. JOHN KIRKLAND.

13 Grange Road, Ramsgate.

A BANNED WRITER

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Shuckhoots and toots, what is it? Tuberattle and busshake and shattersense? Banned was he, for why? Pour moi, I reajoyce when the jim-james of boozescrew have me rounda and round, herum and herum, downa and across, swirligig and quagmerquake, so! Never sonst! save the mark—and the pound he costs! The carrolling Snark boojums at him and the Lewes guns him for a very Duchess's Cook! Ah Yah! to bestrew the nursery-kitchen of language with pepperous tumult! Babysense, nonsense, innocence, horse-sense sneezed into a stickfast coryza of snufflewords and tishoo sounds! Allons and alors, let him in with his blik blak night idiom and eclipse tricks. No banned even if mistrepanned at bottleage, or stonedropped—crok, crak goes the wobble Kindskopf! Rien ne va plus! ALEX. R. ANDREAE.

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—We have been given a Bowdlerised *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. No doubt there has been a demand for it. Even in 1929, Lawrence wrote:

> English publishers urge me to make an expurgated edition, promising large returns . . . and insisting that I should show that here is a fine novel, apart from all "purple" and all "words." So I begin to be tempted and start in to expurgate. But impossible! I might as well try to clip my own nose into shape with scissors. The book bleeds.

Admirers of Lawrence may well ask how this refusal of his can be reconciled with the action of his literary executors in permitting the publication of a mutilated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Is it that they have evidence that Lawrence himself changed his mind? Or that larger returns have been promised? Or that dead men's noses don't bleed?

113 Inverness Terrace, SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER.
London, W.2.

ENGLISH POETRY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to use your columns to point out an injustice to Dr. Leavis? In your review of his *New Bearings in English Poetry*, you say: "Mr. Leavis owes his method to Mr. Richards and Mr. William Empson," a phrase likely to give your readers the false impression that he is derivative. I have no wish to belittle the first-rate importance of Mr. Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (which Dr. Leavis was one of the first to recognise in print), but Dr. Leavis had a wide reputation, and was lecturing on a basis similar to that of his new book, while Mr. Empson was still a first-year undergraduate. It is, therefore, a little unfair to imply, as you have done, that Dr. Leavis' book would not have been quite the same if *Seven Types of Ambiguity* had not been published. Dr. Leavis would be the first to acknowledge his debt to Mr. Richards. Since all three represent a new school and development in English criticism, it is not surprising that there are striking resemblances in their work.

The Old Downs, WILLIAM HUNTER.
Hartley, Longfield, Kent.

Miscellany

THE REAL CROME*

FOR all that psychology, and even psycho-analysis, can do, the actual causes and workings of the artist's creative impulse remain an unknown quantity. So that since his birth, as an artist, is mysterious, it is hardly surprising that after his death he should become a legend. Facts have to be invented to suit the phenomenon, in greater or less degree as it is inexplicable by the light of actual record. And the actual record becomes more and more attenuate as the legend grows. Little more than a hundred years ago, John Crome lived and painted in Norwich, a prominent figure in a provincial town of an admirable civic self-consciousness. He was important enough in his own day, and Norwich was small enough, for the very details of his life to be the common property. Yet his achievement as an artist was so great as to be somehow out of proportion to the even tenor of his existence as an individual. It was not easy, once he had gone, to reconcile the large stolid figure, slow and awkward in speech, living comfortably and unromantically with his wife Phœbe and a large family, with the inspired creator of *Mousehold Heath* and *The Windmill*. So the character known as Old Crome had to be evolved, just as a good many of his works have also been manufactured, while John Crome, the man, became a more and more nebulous phantom. Mr. Mottram has snatched at the last remnants of tangibility just in time. In spite of his devotion, the being that he has pieced together is much obscured by shadow, but he is massy and, on broad lines, human.

Old Crome of the legend was a prodigy, had a Bohemian year or two in London, was addicted to the bottle, said just the right, rare, startling things in life, and, appropriately enough, invoked Hobbema in a death-bed speech. He was the imaginary, international artist of fairy tale, adapted to time and place. To him Mr. Mottram opposes John Crome, born in 1768 at "The Griffin," Conisford Street, Norwich, drawing-master at Norwich Grammar School, President of the Norwich Society, possible occasional visitor to London, very brief visitor to Paris, who died in 1821 in the Gildengate, Norwich—in fact, John Crome, essentially Norvicensis, as is Mr. Mottram himself.

This is no doubt the reason why his book, which is for the most part a portrait of Crome with Norwich in the background, sometimes becomes a set of views of Norwich with Crome in the background. The reader must be prepared to put up with rather an inordinate amount of local topography. On the other hand, as Mr. Mottram points out, the Norwich of Crome's time was a little capital in itself, a social

* *John Crome of Norwich.* By R. H. Mottram. Lane. 12s. 6d.

and civic entity, with its independent mercantile and cultural organisation, preserving characteristics of tradition and usage in a highly reticulated community. The topography of a place so self-contained, and, in the wider sense of the word, conventional, is in its way a vivid expression of the conditions which moulded the life, and even the personality, of the local painter. It is not irrelevant to be given a description of Earlham, where he taught drawing to the Miss Gurneys, of the sign-painter's house where he served his apprenticeship, and of the public-houses which stood him in stead of a club. His life was inextricable from the old cathedral city, and the more clearly Mr. Mottram shows us its streets and byways, the more distinctly Crome becomes one of its inhabitants.

It was because Crome was so typically Norwich that even local records of him are but sparse. A pinchbeck romanticism had not in those days exalted the artist into an extra-social category. Crome, on account of his profession, attracted no more attention to his comings and goings than any other professional man among his fellows. He was a remarkably good painter, but the town boasted other men remarkably good in their own walks of life, and there seemed no reason, in order to edify posterity, for keeping an eye on this one any more than on that. Mr. James Reeves, a former curator of the Norwich museum, was a repository of lore concerning Crome, but died without putting it down. Thus Mr. Mottram's material narrows down to municipal registers, old reminiscences in the Norwich Press, catalogues of the Norwich Society's exhibitions, Crome's only two surviving letters, and a most rigid selection among the shreds of local tradition. It may safely be said that not one of his facts can be challenged, and his treatment of Sir William Beechey's light-hearted recollections of Crome is good evidence of his caution. Where he has allowed himself speculation as to character, based on the various portraits of the artist, we feel that, in the light of his distinction as a novelist, he may be safely trusted, while real insight supports his appreciation of the paintings. He says admirably that "Crome goes to something in us that no brilliance can attract, that is oblivious of fashion, that sooner or later demands some permanent unchanging support for its conviction of the fact of beauty accessible to human intelligence."

Such an achievement is in keeping with the real John Crome of Mr. Mottram's timely plucking from oblivion. The Old Crome of legend goes by the board, but he never rang quite true. The sturdy East Anglian burgher, going without fuss upon his wonderful business, is at once more strange and more credible. He even helps in some degree to illuminate the character of a certain native of Stratford-on-Avon.

T. W. EARP.

TOKIO TO PEKING

A TRAVELLER encountered by the Goncourts, at a time when the descriptions of casual travellers were less common and more valuable than they are now, replied when they questioned him about China that the whole place smelt of excrement and death. As a summary, with the emphasis on "death," that remark of his is still worth remembering. But it is not only the nostrils that death affronts. At every turn of the broad, muddy river which winds up from Taku towards Tientsin death meets the eye as one looks out, death in its most patriarchal guise, unobtrusive, quiet, omnipresent. The entire countryside, as far as one can see, resolves itself into a universal graveyard.

In early spring before the crops have begun to show, while the close-planted trees are still in bud, there is nothing to hide the nakedness of the impression; a landscape absolutely flat, small villages built of the same clay, and round the villages, anywhere, everywhere, in the fields, beside the houses, along the river bank, family beyond family of grave mounds. Clustered together in their congregations, some of them are big and well-kept; some are ancient and half effaced and seem to be melting into the soil. Few are the fields that have no graves; field stretches behind field and, raked by the pallid light of the afternoon, tumulus rises behind tumulus till the prospect becomes vapoury and indistinct. From the river-mouth to the walls of the old capital this landscape hardly varies by a clod; the melancholy of the fields, buff-coloured; mud villages built among the trees; houses cut neatly and economically as though by the sharp edge of a tin spade; rivers which eat away the fields, thick and soupy with the soil which they are carrying.

Against the vast background of Northern China it is easier to understand Chinese politics. Peking, of course, is not China; but even in a country where distances are so enormous, where the literati of two different provinces, though they can communicate by letter in the same language, are often obliged when they meet to talk in English, the situation has features which do not change. There is the odour of antiquity, that is, of death; and then, in the affairs of both worlds, the world of the living on which the mass of human bodies to be fed lies with such a slack and hopeless pressure, and the other world, yet more overcrowded, less tumultuous yet in its own way no less actual, there is the preponderating influence of the family.

In China, the world beyond the grave exercises an influence which is not merely psychological. A large and growing city at the present day, anxious to extend its ancient boundaries, is apt to find its progress held up by a ring of graveyards which it is afraid to break open. Death, at any rate in Northern Europe, has been robbed in recent years of half its panoply:

> Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
> Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so. . . .

exclaims, with Donne, the modern sanitary inspector. Gravestones may glimmer like false teeth; but one seldom meets death upon the breeze. In Peking, on the other hand, motoring out of the city into the country—for example, if you are going towards the race-course—you may pass through successive zones of death, where death, so to speak, jumps up on to the running-board of the car and you hold your handkerchief firmly across your nose . . .; which would be sufferable if the generations of dead men confined their influence to a sudden bad smell.

Unfortunately, their influence is more pervasive. Death confers a prestige in the Far East with which no efforts of the living can compare. Reformers, who were revolutionary during their lifetime, become aristocrats in the hierarchy of the dead. Confucius may be slowly losing ground; but Dr. Sun Yat-sen is stepping into his niche. It has long been a custom in the East to absorb the beneficent properties of holy writ by the easiest and most obvious method, in other words, by masticating and digesting them; and in Japanese and Chinese intellectuals, whose simplicity has been so far corrupted that they have given up swallowing a text whole or applying it to the skin by way of cataplasm, one cannot help noticing a disposition to do the same thing through the eyes, to "swallow the text whole" in another sense. Hence the continued renown of Dr. Sun and of the book in which his gospel is set forth—a work of which the intention is as enlightened as the reasoning is ingenuously obscure.

His successors have reasoned as characteristically, though with intentions, it would appear, less enlightened. Any attempt to find a clue through Chinese politics leads one into a small stuffy room, crowded with the members of a single family. Dr. Sun had a concubine, explains your informant, and the concubine had a brother, and the brother . . . But recent history is a warren of such rooms, the

occupants of this room plotting against the occupants of that, while trap-doors and secret passages and hidden stairs lead up and down and to and fro. Strange whispers are wafted into the open. Grave-looking gentlemen shake their heads. Combinations of militarists are discussed. And the representatives of brutal foreign powers, whose mentality beside that of the oppressed is quite ludicrously childish and straightforward, play a part which grows more and more ineffectual. But it is plain sailing if you look at it in the right way. Events the most mysterious when examined from the European point of view—the point of view which presupposes, for example, that politicians necessarily have policies and that even an ex-bandit may have a programme—become simple as elucidated by a Chinese. Somebody or other has got a nephew and somebody else is heavily in debt to him and isn't in a position to pay up. . . . It is just a big problem of family life, the politics of an overcrowded tenement, if you imagine the tenement as coexisting with, or being raised on the foundations of, a huge necropolis.

It is all, one must repeat, very homely. And the homeliness of China at its most horrific is reflected in the local foreign papers. In their columns the most highly coloured news—bandit inroads, missionaries made away with, the rumoured insurrection of some "war lord" which may involve great provinces in ruin—becomes provincial and curiously dim, creating as little stir upon the page as the report of an English country flower-show. Nothing is news; there is no longer any news. There is no news because there is really no history. Even journalists forget to seem surprised. They, too, understand that it is a game and that beneath every move and coalition family interest and self-interest are predominant. The native audience remains admirably calm. No trace, at least little that can be discerned, of the agitated chauvinism of the Japanese—calm, resignation, mild cynicism. Perhaps the Young Marshal from Mukden intends to found an empire in Northern China. Perhaps he does, and it wouldn't be a bad thing; they nod solemnly in agreement round the dinner-table. Politics are, after all, a game. There is no unit mightier than the family. Beyond its confines few loyalties hold good.

* * *

According to the temperament of the onlooker, this attitude may be sympathetic or the reverse. Its effect is particularly striking if you come straight to China from Japan, from an arena of keen enthusiasms and vulgar energy to the quiet desolation of the Middle Kingdom. I may be voicing an unwarrantable prejudice when I assert that in China "one can breathe." The Chinese system, though apparently so oppressive, has acquired, like the Roman Catholic Church, a latitudinarianism ripened by experience; and Japan, as the Chinese are fond of observing, is a *parvenu* among nations of the Far East—a stricture which, vague and wild as it might appear, is borne out by a short study of the people.

It is characteristic of the Japanese, considered nationally, that so few of their many virtues should be endearing. Industrious, patriotic, self-controlled—this feast of qualities somehow lacks a savour. The admiration it elicits is half-hearted, while the less agreeable aspects of the scene—Japanese shiftiness and venality—assume a prominence not altogether fair when you balance them against difficulties surmounted. Foreign critics are consistently unkind, and the Japanese have not yet learned to take criticism. Few nations, in the mass, are more sensitive, none, as individuals, more shy. Their constitutional timidity is so exaggerated that now and then they suggest a people of adolescents, alternately assertive and deprecatory, prone to sudden collapses and quick recoveries, to spurts of rudeness and long intervals of embarrassment, over-eager, over-calculating, over-polite.

But their politeness has its own especial flaws. A foreigner in many parts of Tokio, everywhere except on the main streets, is still the object of open-mouthed curiosity. Living in the academic quarter, a stone's throw from the Imperial University, the most matter-of-fact purchase that I ventured on was a signal for the assemblage of a small crowd. Their scrutiny was blatant but seldom hostile; whereas in China, though, when you are driving in the country, village children scream abuse as the car passes: "Foreign Devil! Hairy Barbarian!" and similar nicknames, in the streets of Peking one goes practically unnoticed. The cynical tolerance of the Chinese includes almost, if not quite, the hated Westerner. At all events, he is no longer worth staring at. Nor are his crazy habits worth copying.

A fact which makes the situation doubly odd is that the Chinese, in ordinary forms of business, are noticeably more capable than their neighbours. They have a trick of seeing clearly and remembering accurately. They do not experience that dreadful paralysis of all the faculties which afflicts Japanese in every walk of life, if called upon without warning to make a decision. The very structure of the Japanese spoken language seems to favour the habit of thinking slowly, in particular a conventional ejaculation—roughly equivalent to "Look here now!" which, used to preface suggestions and commands, is like knocking on a door before you enter that the inmate may have leisure to wake up. The Japanese have succeeded without brilliance; and China, quietly but surely, has lost ground. Its skilled workmen have the requirements of modern life, unaccompanied by any desire to change. A sense of their inviolable superiority has steeled them against a long series of humiliations. To-day the Japanese are in Manchuria. To-morrow. . . . But what difference will that make?

PETER QUENNELL.

ON WITH THE DANCE!

ALL dance, however serious, should have something of the romp, something accidental, something apparently, but not really, unplanned. There was a day when the stars danced, and even then I am sure there were stars which alleviated the solemn pattern by shooting. As I watched the Carmargo Society's lovely, exquisitely arranged ballets on Monday afternoon I longed at times for rather more of that spirit of unsuppressible gaiety, the spirit to which dance owes its origin, the spirit that broke the eternal smile of ocean with the splendidly unexpected birth of Aphrodite. We had it supremely in one of the numbers. When Lopokova darted into *Façade* I realised what I had missed in the previous ballets. The skill and charm of the dancers in *The Lord of Burleigh*, especially Mademoiselle Markova, Mr. Chappell, and Miss Gould, the grave, delicate, sensitive art of Karsavina in Glinka's *Valse-Fantaisie* were delightful and satisfying. What more could one desire? It is the genius of Lydia Lopokova, as it was of Adeline Genée, that directly she appears on the stage you know, if you are susceptible to dance, that you have wanted something without knowing that you wanted it; and she gives it you. You are no longer watching a beautiful performance, you are part of a life she has summoned, a world she has created; the fantasy that she evokes has utter reality, and the music to which she moves is her servant, seems as nothing to the music she makes, as she dances, as she smiles, as she refrains from smiling. And how well she knows that, as poetry gains from silence as much as from sound, so dancing depends on stillness as much as on motion. There is not much stillness in *Façade*, but Lopokova can, when she wills, be still even as she flies, and will give the effect of a poised bird, moved rather than moving; the way in which she holds her head can give a sudden arrest to the darting business of the ballet, and magically she controls, as it were, the riot of her com-

panions. When she dances, it is not only with her body, it is herself, her soul; her dance is no intrusion on the rhythm of the world, it is one of the ways in which that rhythm is completely manifested. She dances, no doubt, as she has learned, but what she seems to do is to dance what she has always known, and what we, as it is danced to us, remember that we, too, have known, and forgotten.

Four ballets were performed at this the second production of the Carmargo Society—*The Lord of Burleigh, La Création du Monde, Valse-Fantaisie*, and *Façade*. The first was an elegant and entertaining arrangement for Tennysonian characters, made by Mr. Edwin Evans, who has also very cunningly adapted Mendelssohn's music. For the trifle it was the piece was a shade too long. The idea of introducing the Lady from the Brook to Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and that high-nosed damsel to the Lord of Burleigh, disguised as a very easily distracted painter, is good enough; but it hardly bore the elaboration that Mr. Evans gave to it. The dancing in this number was of a trained excellence, a neatness and nicety that could not have been bettered. I must particularly mention Mademoiselle Markova's incredible lightness; she was blown across the stage as if she were thistledown, and seemed to hover over the ground, never touching or staying on it. Mr. Sheringham's beautifully appropriate decoration and costumes were worthy of Mr. Ashton's choreography. In Glinka's *Valse-Fantaisie* the honours rested with Thamar Karsavina and Mr. Ashton; the curiously Victorian melancholy of the piece never becomes merely sentimental, and one could see Karsavina as a heroine of Turgenev, troubled more than she knows, and troubling more. Here again the craft of the performance left nothing to be desired. It is astonishing to me that a society which gives comparatively so few performances as the Carmargo can attain, presumably with a mimimum of rehearsal, so high a level of execution. That skill was present in *La Création du Monde*, which otherwise was a failure, though an ambitious one. Miss Ninette de Valois, who was responsible for the choreography, seems to me to have wavered too much between a primitive negro effect, a sophisticated effect such as one might get from Egypt, and a following of Lord Dunsany's queer mythology. The three gods were too near us, and too clearly outlined against the bright blue. (Mr. Wolfe's colours, too, were wrong. Blue does not come till after the creation. The gods should have been black against fire, or fire against black.) Then the group that represented chaos was not dim enough, nor inchoate; it was too evidently human, and reminded one of a football scrum, just as the gods' incantatory gestures (taken too quickly) were reminiscent of "the daily dozen." There was, however, real and impressive nobility in the arrival of the Man and the Woman; and I liked Mr. Wolfe's masks. There was never, in this number, enough space or sense of emptiness, though Darius Milhaud's music was often impressive and evocative. The help given to the performances by the orchestra, under Mr. Constant Lambert's direction, needs no praise from me; but I should like to say that it seems odd that people should take the trouble to come to such a show as this and then talk loudly, on domestic matters, during the music. If I wanted to tell a friend how to turn butter into milk I should never buy a stall at the Savoy to impart the information.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

A FILM ON A SERIOUS SUBJECT

THE intellectual nullity of the most competently produced pictures has been the cause of keeping any number of intelligent people away from the cinema. They have been too much exasperated by the folly of what they saw to be able to derive any pleasure from the pictorial excellences, whether studio or *pleinairiste*, which are frequently to be observed in even the most foolish picture. Never has conventional morality, in its most fatuous form, been so triumphant as on the screen. There really seems no need whatever for a film censor: his view of life and that of the film producer are almost indistinguishable.

It is, therefore, a particular pleasure to recommend such a film as *Kameradschaft*, which begins its run at the Academy on Sunday. The scene is laid on the Franco-German frontier, where the political situation is habitually tense. The frontier runs straight through a mine, and the German and French miners live together in a state of mutual irritation. The film tells of a gas explosion in a French mine, and of the rescue of the French by the German miners, after a moment of doubt before the better instincts of the German miners assert themselves. In the course of the rescue, the frontier is literally pulled down in one place, gendarmes are hustled off the field, *laissez passer* and *permis de séjour* forgotten. The picture ends with the French and German miners in a state of mutual exaltation, aroused by danger and sacrifice shared in common, and forgetful of national and political squabbles. While all the French and German officials are all the time busily rebuilding the frontier, handing round their *laissez passer*, and generally starting the whole nonsense again.

The story avoids the taint of propaganda. The types are not exaggerated: the situation is not forced. By the time a Russian film is over, my whole sympathies have generally been brought round to the side of the capitalist victims. But in *Kameradschaft* you feel that the actors, who are, I presume, real miners, have behaved in a perfectly normal manner. They are not symbols of a political theory. Again, it is easier for us to enter into the spirit of this mining disaster than into the adventures of a cream separator in a remote Russian province. The actors in *Kameradschaft* appear to be plain human beings as the protagonists of a Russian film do not. Human beings are ennobled by noble action, not by the introduction of up-to-date machinery.

I have seen all *Kameradschaft* twice and a good deal of it three times. Each time I have seen it, I have liked it better. The incidents, most of which take place inside the gallery of a mine, I found at first rather difficult to disentangle. It is not easy to convey to the reader the singular beauty of the photography, which is placed in this

realistic and murky setting. Yet the photography has a rhythm of its own, which becomes more apparent with familiarity. There is nothing pretentious about it. You never feel that either the settings or the actors have been elaborately posed before the camera in order to get an "artistic" shot. The whole thing is a "movie." If you held the film up at any given moment, I doubt if you would be much impressed by the beauty of the picture. For every moment is seen in relation to what goes before and after. The whole is dominated by a simple narrative photography, which avoids all the faults of the ordinary high-grade German film. I have never in my life seen anything less "arty." The dialogue is partly in German, partly in French, the French predominating, and the rival languages add an immense sense of reality to the conflict. Nor is the appeal made to the nerves by a violent portrayal of physical suffering. The situation is certainly painful, but it is never overstressed. You felt that *West Front 1918* was violently stressed in order to terrify the onlookers into becoming peaceful. If the film has had the results the director desired (which is extremely doubtful) we may all be grateful. But this does not alter the fact that the violent assault on the nerves lowered the dignity of the film as a work of art.

The story of *Kameradschaft* is told quietly and sensibly. We are introduced to the life of the mining village and allowed to get interested in the personalities of the mining community before we are plunged into the sensations of the story. It is strange that even the Censor should have found occasion to intervene once. In order that we may be made familiar with the life of the miners in all its aspects, there is one short sequence showing them having shower baths after leaving the pits. This has now been cut out, while nearly every cinema in London is exhibiting as advertisements appetising photographs of attractive young people in various stages of sexual excitement. I am beginning to believe what I have often been told, that most of the Censor's staff are both blind and deaf. Nor do I wish to get puritanically excited about ordinary films. It is their stupidity not their immorality which shocks me. But that this harmless little sequence should have called forth official disapproval makes one despair of human beings.

Kameradschaft has the finer qualities of tragedy. You leave the picture house at the end desirous of leading a more virtuous life. You are filled with a fresh sense of the dignity of the human race, as you were, in a very different way, by some of the better Chaplin films. *Kameradschaft* avoids all self-pity and sentimentality. It is, in fact, one of the very best films I have ever seen.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A Tragi-Comedy.

Half-brother to *Liberty Hall*, *A Pair of Spectacles*, and other preposterous delights of the 'nineties, *The Iron Woman* at the Duke of York's has several things to recommend it. The author has a rare talent for renewing the characters and sentiments of forty years ago. Such a procession of stock characters, acting so decorously according to the rules of plays as they ought to be written, seems, when the first sense of surprise has worn off, to be charmingly inevitable. And what matter if the author's book of rules is an old edition? There is the iron-willed widow of the mill-magnate who "built up" and "made good," the daughter who marries a rake of a duke, repenting both before and after, the reprobate son who turns into the family saviour and the obedient son who turns into the family reprobate; not to mention retainers, advisers and doctors according to the best, if not the most recent, patterns. The best-selling novelist who arrives in the second act promises for a moment to be a puzzle, but when he opens his mouth it is quite evident that he is at latest of pre-Boer war vintage. And all the time in the background are "the mills," giving the right clue to the atmosphere. "My girl a harlot and my boy a thief!" says the iron woman, swooning on the carpet. True, it is at a climax in the proceedings, but still she *does* say it. Quite a preposterous entertainment, but for many reasons, not all intentional perhaps, not at all boring.

A Fine Film of School Life

Mädchen in Uniform, shown to the Film Society last Sunday, is a remarkable film which I hope the public will have a chance of seeing at one of our more enterprising cinemas. It gives a picture of school life more intelligent and convincing than any I have come across in books or plays. The atmosphere of a Prussian girls' school before the war is given with a really startling lifelikeness, accentuated by satire. The penitential uniforms of the girls, the omnious creak of the headmistress's step, the sunlight drifting on through the long Sunday afternoon, evoke the repression and sheer boredom of school life astonishingly well. Singing classes and visits of inspection by notabilities are presumably much the same in any kind of school; and though the film is partly a satire on repressive methods which do not exist to so terrifying a degree in most post-war schools it depicts intimately the strange prankish and romantic moods and deeper emotions common to all school life. Adolescent emotion is not necessarily as shallow as many novelists seem to imagine, nor is it inherently comic. *Mädchen in Uniform* succeeds, perhaps surprisingly, in suggesting the inside life of schoolgirls and the outward authority of mistresses without making the picture lopsided or incongruous. The direction of the film (by Leontine Sagan) is subtle and effective, particularly in the management and grouping of the young actresses; and Hertha Thiele, in the chief part, who does not look a day older than seventeen, acts throughout superbly.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, March 5th—
Haydn's "Creation," Royal Albert Hall, 2.30.
"Hamlet," A.D.C. Theatre, Cambridge, 8.15.

Sunday, March 6th—
Lener Quartet, Queen's Hall, 3.
Four One-act Plays, Arts Theatre.
Celebrity Concert in aid of King's College Hospital, Cambridge Theatre, 8.15.

Monday, March 7th—
Professor Arnold Plant on "Public Economic Enterprise," B.B.C., 7.30.
Demonstration, "The Far East," Royal Albert Hall, 7.45.
Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Dirty Work," Aldwych Theatre.
"Ur-Faust," Cambridge Theatre.
"Othello," Old Vic.

Tuesday, March 8th—
Miss Elsie Cohen on "The Value of the Film to Internationalism," Friends House, 1.20.
Horace Ralph and London Concert Orchestra, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.
Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
J. E. Barton on "Modern Art," B.B.C., 8.30.
"Ur-Faust," Birmingham.

Wednesday, March 9th—
"Tobias and the Angel," Westminster Theatre.
B.B.C. Symphony Concert, with Elisabeth Schumann and Lamond, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Professor M. Ginsberg on "The Family as a Social Group," B.B.C., 7.30.

Thursday, March 10th—
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"HE'S the kind of man," an Irish friend of mine once said of an acquaintance, "who couldn't recommend you to an eating-house in Yarmouth without sneering at the style of Voisin's or Dieudonné's." There is something of that spirit in Mr. Edward Garnett, who introduces Mr. O'Faolain's *Midsummer Night Madness* (Cape; 7s. 6d.) with a stupid sneer at Lady Gregory's *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*. It is hard on Mr. O'Faolain to have this angry and ill-informed introduction put between him and the public; and it is odd that Mr. Garnett should think he is entitled to give Mr. Yeats the lie on a matter of Anglo-Irish literature, or, indeed, on any question of literature. Later on in his introduction it slips out that he has been infuriated by Professor Corkery's *Synge and Irish Literature*, which is, I think, an ill-advised book of low critical capacity; but I do not see why Mr. O'Faolain should suffer because Mr. Garnett has lost his temper with a Catholic professor. It is, indeed, a pity that Mr. Garnett was asked to introduce this book. No doubt he still clings to the old-fashioned shibboleths of French naturalism; and those of us who love literature find it hard to forgive him or Mr. Ford Madox Ford for the harm that they did to Conrad by deflecting his genius from the freedom of the Slav to the over-emphasised patterns of the French. The first thing which a critic of literature should learn is to be patient of and encourage those national variations that make the richness and savour of art. How dull fiction would have become by now had not the Russians, the Irish, a few English and one Frenchman broken the mould of French naturalism, remembered that the greatest literature is always a tree, not a house, life seen in a pattern, not a pattern imposed on life.

* * *

Few nations have done more towards the making of living literature, quick as water, unexpected as trees, in our day than the Anglo-Irish—whether we think of the astonishing variations that Mr. Yeats has accomplished in poetry, or the strange music of Mr. James Joyce's prose. Apart from style one may find three dominant strains in Anglo-Irish literature, at least since Swift. There is an imaginative brutality, different as possible from the cynical brutality of the French, or the coarse insensitive brutality of the English; it seems to come from a mind turned back on itself in madness, or in a despair that recognises its own doom. No one can fail to recognise this strain—it is in Jonathan Swift's *A Modest Proposal* as clearly as in the pages of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Then there is the strain of extravagance, humorous or farcical, which you find in the old stories, and clear through Lever and Lover to Somerville and Ross. And there is the other strain which has been specifically hailed as Celtic, the note of mystery and faery which is in the old stories so consummately retold by Lady Gregory, and in the poets of modern Ireland from Yeats and A. E. to Austin Clarke and Monk Gibbon. As I picked up *Midsummer Night Madness* I happened to see two other Irish books on my table, and by an odd accident the three are examples of these three strains in Irish literature.

* * *

Of its kind the most remarkable is Mr. Francis Stuart's *Pigeon Irish* (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), though Miss Large, with her glorious humour and astoundingly felicitous turn of speech, is so excellent that *Cloonagh* (Constable, 7s. 6d.) deserves to go into the same sentence as its more ambitious companion. In spite of its competence, its vivid skill of presentation, and its unflinching veracity, Mr. O'Faolain's book cannot be ranked with the others. He is a less independent author. While Miss Large has drawn from the same ample stream of Irish life and humour that feeds the gallant fields of Somerville and Ross, Mr. O'Faolain owes his debt to other contemporary writers rather than to any common source. He derives from Mr. O'Flaherty, and his people are akin to those of Mr. Sean O'Casey, though they have not the terrible symbolic character which that dramatist's figures put on and put off as a man doffs his cap. The stories have power and there is terror in them; but beauty comes only with difficulty, and Mr. O'Faolain is rather too conscious of her coming. He watches his efforts, and we watch with him; and the spirit goes out of the story sometimes as the author's awareness disturbs us. After this rather too conscious and considered manner, the gaiety and spontaneity of Miss Large's *Cloonagh* are entrancing. There is still laughter in Ireland, maugre all the parties and politicians, and there is freedom, all the lighter and merrier because its advocates and practitioners know that there are rules too. Miss Large will inevitably (and rightly) be compared with Somerville and Ross; but often her dialogue reminds me of the exquisitely light and final conversations that come in Lady Gregory's farces, or in Mr. Lennox Robinson's. I can hear the Abbey actors turning some of the sentences. There is a gay unreason about the plot of *Cloonagh* that gives Miss Large scope for admirably fanciful incident. It is surprising what trouble old Mrs. Kavanagh gave by falling downstairs, and then thinking she was in her old town of Ballykealy instead of in Cloonagh. The plot, however, matters little beside the picture of the little town, of the compassion and tenderness of Mrs. Kavanagh's friends, and the solemn efforts of her son Hyacinth to prevent any undue shock to the invalid.

* * *

It is some years since Hugh Benson published a religious shocker, called, I think, *Lord of the World*. It was one of the better novels of that sadly underrated author (why is the literary genius of Catholic authors so frequently unesteemed?), and told of the days of the Anti-Christ, and the end of Christendom, fled to the hills of Palestine. Though the difference in execution and style could not be greater, Mr. Stuart's *Pigeon Irish* reminded me at times of that book. For here, placed in the future and in another holy land, is again a war of ideals—a war between the mechanical world, the "scientific" world, and the world of impulse and personality, a war between emotion and its tiresomenesses and the arranged coldness of people satisfied in hell, a war between the pigeon and the aeroplane. The carrier pigeons talk as they fly on the business of the Irish armies, which are holding Ireland, and perhaps the world, for the old culture while Europe champions the cold insolence of the new. Here are one pigeon's thoughts:

> Through the long centuries, down through countless bird-generations, like a sea wave thrusting up a river against the down-flowing ripples, a memory stirred in her. Shivering against each ripple, absorbing it, thrust on by the tide behind. Failing at last until at that moment of being turned, of falling backwards into the river's flowing, another wave comes, catching it up, remoulding it out of water, thrusting on. So a memory had persisted through thousands of bird-generations up to this. The memory born in the breast of a dove returning spent and desolate over a waste of water to a big wooden boat. The memory of this first homing bird, this progenitor of all homing pigeons, Noah's dove, had sent a wave washing up through all these pigeon generations, thrusting against the downward rippling of oblivion. Fading, getting fainter, until now, in the breast of Buttercup, suddenly as though another wave had caught up on this failing one and remoulded it in a new emotion, the two experiences, separate many thousand years, united.

The beauty of *Pigeon Irish* is like a piercing, high note of a silver trumpet, reminding men that destiny is only the name he gives to his inertia, and that the will, if it include the desire to find the Eternal Will, is yet potent to conquer. Mr. Stuart's people—the mystic Catherine Arigho, her puzzled, honest, easy father, Allen, who comes to understand his own mind through understanding hers, the officers of the army, and the rest—are startlingly real as they move and fight and are perplexed under the whirring of the wings of the pigeons, whose flight is towards freedom and the archangels.

RICHARD SUNNE.

THE SPELL OF FAR ARABIA

Arabia Felix. By BERTRAM THOMAS (formerly Wazir to H.H. the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, sometime Political Officer in Iraq and Assistant British Representative in Transjordan). With a foreword by T. E. Lawrence (T.E.S.). Cape. 25s.

Our knowledge of Arabia the unknown is growing apace. The pioneers—Burton, Palgrave, Doughty—have had worthy successors in men like Mr. St. John Philby, Colonel Lawrence, Mr. Eldon Rutter, Mr. Ameen Rihani and, last but not least, Mr. Bertram Thomas. Mr. Thomas's *Alarms and Excursions in Arabia*, which was published and reviewed in these columns last year, gave us a taste of his quality—or rather of his qualities, for he is a man of parts. And it contained a prelude to the big exploit which is the subject of the present book; it describes a journey he made in 1929–30 from Dhufar to the edge of the sands of the Rub' al Khali. Now we have, in full but never monotonous detail, the account of his complete crossing of sands—six hundred miles or so from south to north. This great southern desert was the last remaining piece of unexplored Arabia, and Mr. Thomas's exploration of it was not merely a fine adventure, but has put in his debt the geographer, the anthropologist, the zoologist, and every layman who likes a good tale well told.

Mr. Thomas disembarked at Dhufar from Muscat early in October 1930. He had to wait a couple of months for his escort of Badawin and his camels; but he did not waste his time. He made a trip into the Qara Mountains between the coast and the great sands—the home of the frankincense tree, of strange tribes with strange customs, rich in its fauna and flora and in its folklore. These mountain men, like the southern Arabs in general, Mr. Thomas judges to be hamitic and not semitic, and his conclusions are supported in an appendix contributed by Sir Arthur Keith and Dr. W. M. Krogman. Mr. Thomas's account of their mode of life, their beliefs and their practices, is as good reading as Herodotus—and, needless to say, more veracious. Here are the blood sacrifice, the ordeal by fire, and oaths upon shrines, often pre-Islamic, instead of the Koran. Here eggs and chickens, the fox and the hyaena, are forbidden food. The hyaena, indeed, may not even be killed, for it is a magic beast—the riding-camel of the witch. Here sardines are used as cattle fodder. Here a woman may not milk the animals (except sheep), nor may she cook. She tends the herds, gathers firewood or makes pottery. Most important of all, she bears children, which appears to be an incredibly easy process. "She works up to one day before the birth and bears under a tree in the open or in a cave . . . and she is fit for work the next day."

The start of the big journey was made from Dhufar on the Indian Ocean at the beginning of December, and the goal was reached at Doha on the Persian Gulf two months later. Though no serious danger was actually encountered, there was plenty to be guarded against—raiding parties of hostile tribes, hunger and thirst, heat and cold, a breakdown of transport, that is to say, the sickness or loss of camels. Mr. Thomas was happy in his choice of guides, though he had some occasional troubles with them, and he was lucky too in the weather. The course, after the Qara mountains and the steppe beyond had been crossed lay at first over the great red dunes. Here Mr. Thomas met with the rare phenomenon of the "singing sands," though "singing," as he says, is hardly the word to describe "a sound undistinguishable from the siren of a moderate sized steamship. The noise continued for about two minutes and, like a ship's fog-signal, ended as abruptly as it had begun." The cause is not certain; it may be the wind, or that the cooling of the air in the afternoon sets the whole face of the dune sliding.

Progress throughout the march was conditioned by what the camels could do and by the need to find grazing for them and water for man and beast alike. From Mr. Thomas's description one gathers that the water in the water-holes which lined his track was a disgusting beverage, though the Arabs generally found it palatable. But these Arabs of the desert have no fastidious tastes. Half-cooked "bread," the father of perpetual indigestion, and tough camel meat are their commonest solid food; dates are a luxury. Camel-milk, which has no cream, is their main sustenance. The camel, indeed, means almost everything to these primitive nomads of the sands. She (the bull-camel is only kept in small numbers for breeding) is their riding-horse and pack-horse and milch cow. Her hair makes their tent-stuffs and ropes. Her urine is used as a remedy for stomachache and as a hair-wash. And bride-prices are reckoned in camels: three camels was the sum that one of Mr. Thomas's companions demanded for his daughter's hand—and as nobody would offer more than two, the girl was still a virgin at her father's side at the advanced age of nineteen! It is not perhaps surprising that the Badu lavishes infinite care on his camel, that he will sacrifice his own comfort and take any advantage of his fellows in her interest. But alas! the beast shows no gratitude. She knows her master and generally obeys him, but she never makes a friend of him.

The last part of the journey was easier going than the first. Mr. Thomas felt some anxiety about his supplies holding out, owing to some stray Arabs who attached themselves to the party for several days and had by the laws of hospitality to be fed; but he came safely to the end of his long trek. Of the desert lore that he learned on the way, of his disputations with his escort, of the countless tales, grave and merry, true or fabulous, that they told him and he retells, there is no space to speak here. Of his contributions to science a full record, with comments by experts, will be found in the appendices. It only remains to add that the book is embellished by something like eighty admirable photographs; that it contains a first-rate map of Rub' al Khali showing the author's route and much besides; and that the printing is as fine a piece of work as could be wished for.

C. M. LLOYD.

NEW NOVELS

Lady Chatterley's Lover. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Secker. 7s. 6d.

Three Loves. By A. J. CRONIN. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

The Wild Tulip. By F. L. LUCAS. Joiner & Steele. 6s.

The Seven Stars. By ANDRÉ MALVIL. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

O Providence. By JOHN HAMPSON. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

"I believe that the life of the body is a greater reality than the life of the mind: when the body is really awakened to life. . . . The human body is only just coming to real life. With the Greeks it gave a lovely flicker, then Plato and Aristotle killed it, and Jesus finished it off. But now the body is coming really to life, it is really rising from the tomb. And it will be a lovely, lovely life in the lovely universe, the life of the human body." Thus Lady Chatterley, giving brief expression not only to her mood of the moment but to her author's creed. "Mr. Lawrence's last—and in the opinion of many critics, his greatest—novel, now available for the first time to the general public in an authorised abridged edition," say the publishers. It is news to me that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was held by "many critics" to be the greatest of Lawrence's novels, and I am puzzled by the word "authorised." By whom was this bowdlerisation authorised? Not, we must suppose, by Lawrence. And not, surely, by any State official, since no official censorship exists. However, here it is, and we must make what we can of it. Let me say at once that the deletions, substantial though they are, and inevitably destructive of all that was *peculiar* to the book, leave the mere "story" untouched.

The book as Lawrence left it was a document indispensable to the student of Lawrence. It was a fiction illustrative of the doctrine enunciated above: that the life of the body is a greater reality than the life of the mind. Mental life was represented (not very brilliantly) by young Sir Clifford Chatterley and his intellectual cronies, and the body found its unconscious champion in Mellors the gamekeeper. Clifford, as a result of war injuries, is paralysed and sexually impotent; but with the sympathy and help of his wife Connie he establishes himself as a writer of clever, barren, analytical, short stories. He wants an heir, and expresses his willingness that Connie shall, if she so chooses, have a child by another man. She falls in love with Mellors and becomes his mistress, their meetings taking place in the gamekeeper's hut in the woods. Now if Mind and Body were to take the stage as rivals, it was necessary from any point of view that Body should have a fair show: that is, that its life should be expounded as freely and as fully as that of Mind. To do this was, moreover, an integral part of the book's purpose. The enterprise involved, for Lawrence, the wholesale violation of verbal taboo. Knowing prudery and pruriency to be two manifestations of the same evil spirit—that spirit which takes delight in fouling the nest of life itself—he resolved to kill these two birds with one stone by treating the forbidden subject with the utmost and the most

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colloquial candour. Borrowing freely from the cad's vocabulary, he scattered his pages with words which, though traditionally obscene, were disinfected of offence by the transparent honesty of their context. There was something of saintly innocence in this endeavour, and if we must concede that it lacked humour, the same may be said of any heroic act of faith. "He asked for a miracle," wrote Miss Rebecca West, in this connexion. "He laid sex and those base words for it on the salver of his art and held them up before the consciousness of the world, which was his way of approaching creation, and prayed that both might be transmuted to the highest that man could use." Well, the miracle did not happen: the police took care of that. But for the purposes and within the limits of the book itself Lawrence did succeed in divesting the words in question of their horrific glamour, did succeed in bringing light and air into a dark corner of human consciousness. It was impossible that it should be published unexpurgated in this country, though in fact no one could have been a penny the worse for its publication, and some might have been the better. The passages now omitted include (if my memory is to be trusted) things of value, flashes of strange wisdom, as well as one or two episodes that are purely ridiculous. What remains is a typical Lawrence novel, rather naive, rather tiresome, very vivid and eager and angry. It is written with careless power. The style, in the main, is as exclamatory and repetitive, in short, as slovenly, as ever. Since he could write on occasion so well (though his achievement in this field has been grossly exaggerated), it is surprising how often he was content to write indifferently, not to say badly. Many of the present pages have a hasty improvised air which sits ill on what professes to be a work of art. But there are moments of spontaneous lyrical utterance:

> She was gone in her own soft rapture, like a forest soughing with the dim, glad moan of spring, moving into bud. She could feel in the same world with her the man, the nameless man, moving on beautiful feet. And in herself, in all her veins, she felt him and his child. His child was in all her veins, like a twilight. . . . She was like a forest, like the dark interlacing of the oak-wood, humming inaudibly with myriad unfolding buds. Meanwhile the birds of desire were asleep in the vast interlaced intricacy of her body.

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By virtue of his warm animal intuitions, and his unmatched power of communicating physical sensation, Lawrence must be accounted a man of genius. But his scope was narrow; he was hagridden by an obsession; he was not quite a great novelist.

Not having read *Hatter's Castle*, I am immune from the temptation to compare Dr. Cronin's second novel with his first. *Three Loves* is a book that commands respect. The author's imaginative energy and technical assurance are considerable. He has the genuine creative fire. It is a long novel, and like most long novels it would have been the better for being shorter. An indifferent novelist finds circumstantial detail a useful substitute for characterisation; lacking the gift of creation, he can always fob off a simple-minded public with a dummy instead of a character, if only he has the patience to describe his dummy's appearance, and to record the size of its boots, the place of its residence, the number of its children, what its father died of, and so on, world without end, detail piled upon detail and the whole amounting to precisely nothing. But Dr. Cronin is not an indifferent novelist, and his people are vital enough to exist in our imaginations without all these adventitious props of circumstance. His book never becomes positively tedious; but it is skippable, and the very best books are not skippable. But though it can be skipped it must not be missed. Its theme is a big one, its general plan admirable. It is the story of Lucy Moore and her three loves: husband, child, God. In each of them she is ultimately and tragically frustrated. The book is tragic in the Aristotelean sense; Lucy's hubris is patent enough. She is not on the surface a vain or conceited woman, but she is extravagantly confident in her own judgments and stubbornly resolved on having her own way. Loving, faithful, courageous, she is also quietly arrogant and madly possessive. There are some brilliant strokes in the book. After her husband's death Lucy finds a friend in Miss Hocking, with whom she shares a house. Miss Hocking is a handsome spinster with a conspicuously kind heart and an oddly skittish manner. Later it is discovered —to Lucy and to us—that this woman cherishes the insane delusion that she is tacitly betrothed to a local clergyman, who in fact knows nothing whatever about her. When the clergyman's engagement to another woman is publicly announced, Miss Hocking loses the last vestiges of reason and is removed to an asylum. Much later in the book, when Lucy, now disappointed of her son, ecstatically resolves to become the bride of Christ, it is impossible not to perceive a parallel, though the author does not explicitly draw one. The account of Lucy's life in a Belgian convent is masterly and unforgettable.

Mr. John Hampson's *O Providence* contains material enough for more than one novel; but it is raw material, a summary of events and introspections that all too seldom achieves dramatic definition and present urgency. The danger of making fiction out of particular personal memories (as I suspect Mr. Hampson has done here) is that it encourages slackness in the imagination and bemuses the critical faculty of the author: with the result, first, that the events of the story are reported instead of being created, and, second, that the author, in his fondness for the past, cannot discriminate, as an artist should, between what is to the purpose and what has value for himself alone. The curse of the past indefinite is upon this novel. In sharp contrast to Mr. Hampson's method is that of Mr. F. L. Lucas, the first few sentences of whose brilliant little story, *The Wild Tulip*, assure us that we are in competent hands:

> "Shut the door," said the Abbess in smoothly caressing tones. "And now, my dear Ottavia, what did she say? You may sit down, child." She pointed to a chair; Ottavia noticed as she took it that it was set to face the light.

A perfect beginning: quiet, suggestive, economical. And the story, which concerns passion and intrigue and death in an Italian convent a hundred years ago, fulfils this high promise. The ending is rather too conventionally staged for my liking, but I have no other complaint. The writing throughout is admirable. *The Seven Stars* is a translation of *La Grande Ourse*, a novel published last year in France. It is the story (told by himself) of a rich and selfish amorist who becomes the devoted adorer of a young American girl. She dies young, and he devotes himself to a study of death and finally takes to religion. There is cleverness in the book, and also tedium; its religion is merely romantic, verging on the sentimental.

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THE EDUCATION OF BENTHAM

The Education of Jeremy Bentham. C. W. EVERETT. Cambridge University Press. 16s. 6d.

All students of politics and law and human nature should be grateful to Mr. C. W. Everett, of Columbia University. He has, for the first time, made it possible to see the real Jeremy Bentham during the first formative half of his long career. He points out that not one of Bentham's friends who wrote about him had known him before the age of sixty. John Stuart Mill, the greatest of them, was a boy of ten when Bentham was sixty-eight; and when Bentham died Mill wrote of him:

> He had neither internal experience nor external; the quiet even tenor of his life, and the healthiness of his mind conspired to exclude him from both. He never knew prosperity or adversity, passion or satiety. . . . He knew no dejection, no heaviness of heart. He never felt life a sore and weary burden.

Mr. Everett spent, in arranging the mass of Bentham manuscripts in University College, London, two years of such labour as only a passionate interest in his subject could support, and he is perhaps the only man who has ever read all through the Bentham correspondence in the British Museum. As a result he has been able to prove how profoundly misleading was Mill's impression of his master.

All lovers of Bentham had known, from Bowring's rambling account of Bentham's reminiscences, something of his childhood, his precocity, his vulgar, ambitious father, the charming mother who died young, his life at Westminster school and Oxford, and his determination to devote himself to creative political thought, and Professor Halévy has traced for us the successive steps in the evolution of Bentham's logical and ethical system. What will be new to the world is Mr. Everett's vivid picture, drawn largely from unpublished letters to his younger brother Samuel, of Bentham's emotional life from his call to the Bar, in 1769, to the death of his father and his inheritance of an independent income, in 1792.

Mr. Everett might have called this part of his book "The Making of a Saint." It is the story of a young man who, from boyhood onward, conscious of great powers, pressed by his father and his friends to compete with smaller men in the making of money and position, yet held on year after year, to unrewarded toil, the value of which for mankind he was at first almost alone in realising. And Mr. Everett is, I believe, wise to have printed hitherto unpublished letters which show that the saint of political science was a young man who had to find his way in eighteenth-century England at a time when his own experience at Oxford, and the criticisms of French and English thinkers, had shattered for him all the authority of traditional morality. In 1774 he, having an income of £103 a year, fell deeply in love with Miss Mary Dunkly, who had no income at all. His father, who could easily have given him an allowance sufficient for marriage, seems to have agreed with his uncle that here was an opportunity to exert irresistible pressure on the side of common sense. Bentham, aged twenty-six, was made to feel that he must choose between marriage and the life of thought. He chose thought, but with an anguish which, as Mr. Everett says, "at times bordered on melancholia." It was while he was giving up his hopes that the short period came which Mr. Everett calls "a man of the world." He writes to his young brother, whose education as a scientist he was superintending, advising him how to practise love-making on the servant-maids at Woolwich, where he was learning the principles of shipbuilding. He described to his brother an affair of his own, apparently with a Brompton lodging-house keeper. He bought a horse. He paid court, according to his father's instructions, to a girl with £30,000, who would not have him; and then wrote to his father to say that his mind was at ease, and that he was at work again—"feeling and picking my way," as he said of this period fifty years later, "getting the better of prejudice and nonsense—making a little bit of discovery here—another there—and endeavouring to put the little bits together."

Talleyrand, when he visited Bentham in 1832, said of him: "*Pillé par tout le monde, il est toujours riche.*" This is still true, but much of Bentham's riches still requires digging out from his manuscripts or from Bowring's ill-edited volumes of his Works. A critical edition of his Constitutional Code would be invaluable to those who are attempting to adapt the machinery of British central and local government to the needs of our time. His penetrating contributions to economic theory are hardly known. Many of the defects in English law and legal administration against which he fought for seventy years still remain; and if ever a new Bentham should appear—a lawyer who is prepared to turn aside from money-making and devote himself to law-reform—he would find Bentham's legal works of great and immediate practical importance.

Next June we shall be celebrating the centenary of Bentham's death. Would it not be possible to get together a fund and a committee to do what Bentham hoped Bowring and his coadjutors would do, and make his thought available for the thinkers of the world? Bentham is a greater name both in North and in South America than in England, and I am sure that the great law schools and educational foundations of the American hemisphere would be willing to help. The American Social Science Research Council enabled Mr. Everett to gather the material of this book. Would not the same Council consent, as part of an offering of gratitude to the founder of the science of public administration, to enable Mr. Everett to finish his second volume, and to publish as a whole the first scholarly, well-proportioned and sympathetic Life of Bentham?

GRAHAM WALLAS.

A LOT MORE ABOUT WAR

The Dragon's Teeth. By MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER. Constable. 10s.

Commonsense About Disarmament. By VICTOR LEFEBURE. Gollancz. 1s. 6d.

The publishers hopefully label General Fuller's book as an item for the agenda of the Disarmament Conference, but a delegate at Geneva would have some difficulty in using it. If he opened it at one page he would almost be persuaded to take the next train home; if at another, he would resolve to stay at Geneva until something is settled; and if, under a reviewer's curse, he was compelled to read it doggedly right through, he would end in a considerable state of irritation, and in several minds at once. There are some books, very far from admirable in themselves, which by amassing a rich jumble of every shade of opinion on a subject of public urgency, act as a healthy irritant in the clearing of ideas. This is one of them. When the author says that "this is really three books," his estimate is conservative. It is really any number of books, and the astonishing thing about it is that so numerous an assemblage of mutually exclusive ideas could have resided under one hat.

The general burden of the author's argument is that although Western civilisation is in a dreadful mess, yet to think that we can mend it by doing anything so simple as putting a brake on the production of lethal weapons is a fine example of the mindlessness of the slothful and humanitarian-ridden masses:

> If these things continue, surely will Western civilisation decay away through a moral and physical dry rot. It is not war which will destroy it, but its unfitness to wage peace. The will of man can change all this. It can enforce segregation, sterilisation and the lethal chamber. It can insist on birth control, it can insist upon no vote without work and no relief except in kind. Even if to-day every unemployed man or woman were compelled, in order to earn the dole, to do one or two hours' drill or physical exercises a day, I firmly believe that within six weeks of such a compulsion being enforced unemployment would drop by 33 per cent. But no, none of these things, or many like them, will be attempted until civilisation founders, and in its shipwreck sweeps away with it government of the people by the people for the people, which is, and has ever been, the dry rot of nations; for the people know not what they do.

That sounds like a thorough-going example of neo-Toryism. But it is nothing of the sort. A little later General Fuller is making an acute and well-informed attack on the Peace of Versailles, and on the tariff war and French political strategy, which has followed it. He says of Clemenceau:

> He also tore up the armistice terms and for them substituted a Carthaginian Peace and was sitting in the thieves' kitchen of Versailles when President Wilson, like Moses, descended from the mountain top with the tables of the Fourteen Points in his hands. Had he but cast them on the ground before these worshippers of the Golden Calf, and smashed them to pieces, the world to-day could certainly not be as evilly disposed as it is—a world founded on the dishonour of a demagogic peace, compared to which the war was a Vestal of chastity.

All this assault by metaphor is, however, far from being a prelude to the glorification of the soldier at the expense of the masses and the politicians. The military commands, it seems, have recently been making as appalling a mess of the art of war as the civilians of the art of peace. It would be rash to say that General Fuller, having pronounced a general anathema,

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has no way out of our difficulties, because when he assumes the mantle of the prophet he becomes almost totally incomprehensible. But he allows us little tangible comfort. To simple-minded folk it seems evident that if two gunmen fail to agree it is at least a step in the right direction to take their guns away. This, however, is wrong. General Fuller's central dogma is a mystical connection between war and peace. War is not necessarily a good thing; after enumerating the ancient blessings of conquest, General Fuller concludes that there is little to be said for it now except that it preserves heroism and is the only safeguard against the collapse of the masses into a slothful and ignorant materialism. Still, if we banish war, what about our social discontents? There is nothing but war to remove the sores of a rotten peace, and it is better apparently to die than to live shamefully as part of an effete civilisation. In one of his elaborations on this theme, General Fuller likens national disputes to the bickering of small children over a doll. After considering various ways of dealing with this situation, he concludes that it is best to let the brats have it out. After all, they will grow out of it: it is all part of their education. It does not seem to have occurred to him that his illustration would have been closer, and his conclusion possibly different, if his children had been ingenious enough to supplement their fists with carving knives. It is enough for General Fuller that the nations, too, will grow out of it. As for the League, it is not a new idea. Alexander, General Fuller's hero, had it; it has cropped up many times since then; and although we are not ripe for federalisation yet there is a chance that if we go banging merrily away we may have worked war out of our social system in a century or two.

General Fuller's gift for seizing facts, summarising them forcibly, and making them the premiss of a *non sequitur* emerges brilliantly when he proves that war is inevitably becoming less dangerous. He has some striking chapters on the evolution of military strategy, and his prediction of the course which mechanised and chemical warfare will take if left to itself is worth serious consideration. But his individual contribution to these researches is characteristic. Why, he asks, is a weapon always replaced by one which is more efficient? The answer is that as soldiers always play for safety the old weapon is scrapped because it is too dangerous. Having established what he calls this "constant" of military tactics, he runs triumphantly along the whole way from the battle axe to the gas-bomb towards a minimum of "danger," and finishes by suggesting that if we allow armaments free play we may end by never killing anyone at all.

It is a relief to turn from this exhibition of pseudo-science to something which is really scientific. There are no clouds of philosophy in Major Lefebure's little data-book on disarmament. He begins by quoting a description of the Marne battlefield toward the end of the war. Well, he says in his dry way, that has got to be stopped, and as full a measure of disarmament as can be agreed is our present hope. The problem is, however, neither as easy as the extreme pacifist thinks nor as difficult as one would infer from the imposing Genevan façade. The plain man wants the essentials of the business, divested of all politico-nationalist reservations. Major Lefebure has made a job of this. With the possible exception of the problem of aircraft he has got concisely and clearly all round the subject, and is particularly good on the fundamental point of time lag in armament production and its effect on war potential. He does not disguise his opinion that crucial points of a really workable scheme have been deliberately evaded in the preliminary work of the commissions: which is all the more reason why the data for solution should have the widest possible circulation.

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on the map of serious poetry. And Mr. Anon is on the whole the best of the batch. Gavin Douglas with his translation of *Virgil* and Henryson with his *Cresseid* showed that Scotland might have followed in the footsteps of England's Chaucer, but both lived in the reign of James IV, and their influence died with James on the field of Flodden. Nothing could destroy Scotland's gift of spontaneous song, but in poetry as in music she has failed to develop that gift into a conscious and deliberate art. For that failure Mr. Henderson blames the excessive influence of Burns and the romanticism of Scott. But the failure existed before Burns and Scott. More probably the responsibility lies with the peculiar history of the country, and, as an inevitable result of that history, the tendency to regard letters as a recreation rather than as a serious and valuable addition to the nation's life.

On the whole Scotland gained at the bottom what she lost at the top. Few nations possess such a mass of purely popular poetry reaching, on the whole, so high a level. But it takes a Scot to know it, and foreigners have been inclined to confuse Scottish poetry with "Burns and the ballads," while we ourselves, dazzled by the achievement of France and England, have too often accepted their estimate. Mr. Henderson's anthology of Scots verse should prove how unfair that estimate is. The Muses, if only in their simplest and most home-spun moods, have their Scottish Parnassus, whose roots lie in such random verses as this:

> Tweed said to Till,
> "What gars ye rin sae still?"
> Till said to Tweed,
> "Though ye rin wi' speed
> And I rin slaw,
> Where ye droun ae man,
> I droun twa."

On the whole this selection is admirable and representative. Mr. Henderson includes several translations which show how well the Scottish language can reproduce a certain kind of intense and laconic emotion. But his glossary is inadequate, and why has he omitted Gavin Douglas, the first British translator of the Classics and a poet with a vividly pictorial imagination? Again, in "Helen of Kirkconnel," "I'm sick of all beneath the skies," may be better authenticated; for sheer beauty it will not compare with the usual version:

> And I am weary of the skies
> Sin' my love died for me.

THE NEW SCHOOL

The Triumph of the Dalton Plan. By C. W. KIMMINS, M.A., D.Sc., and BELLE RENNIE. With a Foreword by HELEN PARKHURST and a contribution by P. B. BALLARD, M.A., D.Litt. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 6s.

The Triumph of the Dalton Plan is an exciting contribution to the literature of human freedom. There have been many who spoke of the beauty and value of freedom, and its fructifying power in education. Here are those who show us how freedom can be achieved in the ordinary school. And not only how it *can* be, but how it actually has been achieved in schools all over the world, and is to-day being enjoyed in the daily living of hosts of boys and girls.

The Dalton Plan is a technique in education which makes it possible for every child to discover for himself the delights of genuine intellectual effort and the sense of intellectual growth and mastery—and at the same time to enjoy the pleasures of intellectual comradeship with his teachers. He becomes responsible for his own progress in each part of his work, and neither his teachers nor his fellows stand any longer between him and his natural interests in the world and its history.

On the bad old system of mass teaching, the question of learning or not learning was largely a personal contest between the will of the teacher and his pupils. The skill of the class teacher lay in devising ways by which a large number of children of widely differing abilities and the most varied background could be forced to attend all together to the same discourse, or to perform the same task. Neither task nor discourse could ever meet the real needs of more than a minority of the children at once—and the rest ran to seed, morally and intellectually. The most powerful of the class teacher's devices lay in the natural rivalry of child with child. The progress of one was made the spur to drive another forward—not for joy in understanding, but for mere pride of place. Both intellectual integrity and pleasure in knowledge were thus sacrificed on the altar of emulation.

In the Dalton method, each child is in direct contact with this subject of study. He works independently in a room devoted to the literature and the tools of a particular subject. He has his own assignment of ground to be covered, and he moves forward at the pace which his native gifts and his personal experience make possible for him. He apportions time between his various subjects according to his own judgment. He learns *how* to learn, how to use text-books and authorities, how to gather his facts into generalisation, how to quarter the ground of a specific problem. And he is enabled to measure and record his own progress in understanding by the use of charts and graphs.

The skill and intelligence of the subject teacher are bent to the aim of stimulating the interest of each child, and meeting his needs at each step of his work, in personal tutoring and group discussions, and in the preparation of the "assignments" themselves. These assignments are more than mere outlines of the work to be covered; they are planned and phrased so as to provoke inquiry and to point to problems which it is within the grasp of the child to solve in the subject library. They are the vital instrument of the Dalton Plan. The teacher thus becomes a personal guide and helper to each of the children who work in his special field, and a sharer of their researches and discoveries. And the competitive spirit is no longer invoked to adulterate the aims and achievements of the child.

The Dalton Plan holds the promise of an educated democracy, for it gives its children more than an understanding of the art of thought, more than skill with the tools of discovery. It affords them an ample social education too. It brings the experience of co-operative effort in the pursuit of knowledge, and the emotional satisfactions of social intercourse directed to the life of the mind. One of its most striking results everywhere has been that the old bugbear question of "discipline" has dissolved away and ceased to trouble either teacher or child.

The special interest of this book lies in its records of the success of the Dalton Plan in England, India, China, Poland, as well as in America, where the Plan was born in the mind of a young practical teacher, Helen Parkhurst. Everywhere it has been tried it has won golden opinions, and has brought new life to teacher and pupils. Not the least interesting chapter of this volume is that giving "the judgments of youth," the views of children who have known both the old way and the new. The convincingness of their testimony lies not so much in their saying "We prefer the Dalton Plan," as in the sound and solid sense of the reasons they give. Everyone concerned with the problems of democracy and public opinion will find new hope in this quiet and almost unheralded revolution which is gathering force to-day in the schools of the people. SUSAN ISAACS.

BOOKLETS

SOME of the brilliantly covered pamphlets which are now being published almost every day deserve more than ephemeral life. First, there are the "Here and Now" pamphlets published by Wishart at 1s. each. No. 1 is *Pacifists in Peace and War*, by Douglas Goldring, a vehement and telling account of the way in which people who thought they were pacifists before the war of 1914 became effective military propagandists during the war itself. Mr. Goldring is especially savage about H. G. Wells, who coined the phrase "The War to End War." No. 2, *A War Museum*, 1914–18, by Hamish Miles, is a collection of fifty-three highly comic extracts from the British press during a period when no folly was too foolish for the public. *Post-Mortem on Politicians*, by Douglas Garman, is a witty little squib which, in dialogue form, ranges widely over the political field and suggests in a dramatic climax that if the mythical "Man in the Street" came to life our existing rulers would go up in smoke. There are two additions to the Criterion Miscellany Series (Faber and Faber, 1s.). In *The Fallacy of Economics* Mr. Middleton Murry comes out in the somewhat unexpected role of a Communist—at least of the theoretical type. The pamphlet is written with any amount of verve. It takes the whole-hog position that no patching by nationalistic States of the present international chaos will be any good, and that economists who try to work towards world unity while accepting a basis of individual egoism, are in a hopeless dilemma. "*To Hell with Justice—We Want Economics!*" by Nevile Wilkinson, is a dialogue which analyses our existing muddle and suggests by way of remedy—but it would be unfair to divulge the scheme proposed.

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THE
LIBERAL MAGAZINE

Edited by HAROLD STOREY

MARCH NUMBER.

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In referring to the Hobby Horse Series (Desmond Harmsworth, 1s.) it was incorrectly suggested in this paper that the first of the series was devoted to economics. The first is by Douglas Goldring, who delivers himself in a somewhat unrestrained but amusing and vivacious way upon *Liberty and Licensing*. Mr. Goldring states the "consumers' case" for the abolition of restrictions on alcohol. He is an out-and-outer. The two next of the series, both by Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo, deal with economics—*The Gold Standard and Other Diseases* and *How Prosperity Will Come*. They are elaborate, tiresome and not illuminating. No. 4, *Moral Disarmament or Chaos*, by R. G. Walmsley, is a well-informed presentation of the thesis that a revision of unjust frontiers is a necessary prelude to disarmament. It would be more useful if it also discussed how to make Article 19 of the Covenant operative.

A number of pamphlets are now coming from the Society for Socialist Inquiry Propaganda (23, Abingdon Street, S.W.1). The prolific Mr. Cole has produced four "Guides for Study Groups," dealing with the *Gold Standard*, the *Bank of England*, *Banks and Credit*, and the *Socialisation of Banking*. Published at 2d. each with selected bibliographies, they are excellent for their purpose. *The Indian Worker* (3d.) is a successful summary of the appalling evidence of Indian poverty revealed in the Whitley Report on labour conditions in India. Finally, there is a very able and lucid pamphlet on *National Planning* (6d.), by Mr. Colin Clark, who is now a lecturer at Cambridge.

SHORTER NOTICES

An Editor Looks at Russia. By RAY LONG. Constable. 3s. 6d.

This little book makes pleasant reading, though it does not tell us anything new. Mr. Long went to Moscow and Leningrad in the autumn of 1930, and he was not, and is not, as he says, either pro-Soviet or anti-Soviet. He records quite simply what he saw or heard of a number of things—work, money, food, housing, propaganda, literature and art, the Red Army and the G.P.U. He reprints, too—and it is well worth reprinting—an extremely interesting analysis of "Stalinism" by Mr. Walter Duranty, the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times* and one of the ablest foreign journalists in Russia. There have been changes in the last eighteen months, some big, some small. But the atmosphere of hope and promise, which so deeply impressed Mr. Long, has not changed. And there will be few to disagree with his conclusion that Communist Russia is a portent and a challenge which the western world cannot ignore or laugh at, but must meet with understanding and intelligence.

A History of Sweden. By ANDREW A. STOMBERG. Allen and Unwin. 40s.

Mr. Stomberg covers the whole field of Swedish history to 1928, and it is a great tale that he unfolds. He tells the story of this great and liberty-loving people with admirable force and colour. There is nothing either of the academic or of the pedantic about his book, and it is singularly straightforward in its presentation, perhaps because Sweden's greater monarchs were monarchs in more than name, so that their periods and the developments in those periods become identified with the kings themselves. Thus we are here presented with Sweden's history as the drama that it was—a sudden rise to pre-eminence after a long struggle for liberty, the wreck of an empire almost as sudden, then the recovery and progress, as a great and peaceable nation highly placed in the van of progress.

Margaret Outram, 1778-1863, Mother of the Bayard of India. By MARY FRANCES OUTRAM. Murray. 15s.

Margaret Outram, the subject of her great-grand-daughter's admirable biography, was a woman of strong character, and this study, derived from her own narrative and from her correspondence with her distinguished son and other members of her family and circle, should be as interesting to the psychologist as to the general reader. Margaret Outram suffered much. Her husband, Benjamin Outram, the famous engineer and iron master, died at the height of his success, leaving an estate so embarrassed that all she saved from the wreck was a bare hundred a year, with which to provide for her young family. Her eldest and much-loved son died in India, and she had other sorrows. Her neglected and uneducated childhood had given her a curious inferiority complex which she combated fiercely with a personal pride that bloomed into a probity so intense that, even when her son was able to give her comforts, she still lived on the two hundred odd a year derived from her rents and from the pension she demanded and won, as due to her on account of the Government's unpaid debt to her father. A strong-minded and spirited lady, of whom it is a pleasure to read.

CHINA
PROBLEM OF TO-DAY

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By NATHANIEL PEFFER. 12s. 6d. net

What is the real China? What are the forces leading to her disintegration? How have Western ideas undermined her stability? This book is essential to an understanding of the crisis in China to-day.
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Saturday Review.

The Political Philosophy of Confucianism
By L. S. HSU, LL.B. 12s. 6d. net

"Readers in search of ideas that have practical bearing upon current events should read it. They will be surprised at the modernity of Chinese political philosophy. This book gives the best outline of Confucianism I have come across and is admirably planned."
THE EDITOR in *Everyman.*

ROUTLEDGE

About Motoring

A BABY FORD

MANY a man in the motor trade slept better on Friday. February 19th, than he had done for several weeks, The new 8 h.p. Ford was "released" at the Albert Hall on that date, and its price was definitely announced at £120 for the two-door saloon model. The Ford people have so many miracles to their credit that the wildest rumours were current about the figure to be charged for their latest infant, and the firms who make baby cars, no less than the retailers who sell them, pictured a complete outflanking of their 1932 plans by the possible advent of an 8 h.p. Ford listed at £90—I do not think any sane man accepted lower estimates than this. Price is not everything; and the less tangible qualities of the new Ford may yet render it a dangerous competitor of such cars as the £100 Morris. But the Ford people would hardly charge £120 for the early batches of chassis, and cut the price by any substantial percentage at a later date. Such methods are guaranteed to create lifelong enemies in the car-buying public. It is true that the 8 h.p. is not yet "in production," and certain financiers with a wholesome reverence for Ford will not feel too comfortable until Dagenham is in full blast, and the delivery price is proved identical with the present quotation, made two or three months in advance of concrete sales. But though the motor trade has been provoked by ferocious competition to adopt methods reminiscent of a Jacoby psychic bid at contract bridge, no manufacturer has ever yet lulled the opposition by deliberate lies about his catalogue price; and it may be taken that when the 8 h.p. Ford begins to adorn private garages, its owners will pay £120 for it, neither more nor less. Its price can be cut in 1933 without the least suggestion of any moral delinquency; and it may be so cut. But the Ford directors are not likely to cut the figure substantially in my opinion. When a firm cut their price heavily without radically altering their design or specification, they create genuine resentment amongst the people who bought at the high price. Whatever competition this new baby Ford offers, it is not likely to create a new standard in prices, now or hereafter.

Thrusting these sordid considerations to one side, the expert

COMPANY MEETING

SELFRIDGE & COMPANY, LTD.

The 24th annual ordinary general meeting of Selfridge and Co., Ltd., was held on Monday last at the company's store, Oxford-st., W.

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (chairman and managing director) said that all over the world the same unhappy general conditions prevailed, but the people in England were not so comparatively badly off as others. In this country the creation of a tariff and the increased home demand for British-made goods should help pull us gradually out of part of our difficulties by keeping more money at home, by giving more men work, by restoring a certain amount of confidence, and, it was to be hoped, by causing something of a reduction in the income tax. The merchant or retail distributor instinctively objected to tariffs. He preferred to buy at the lowest rates, but the absurdly high tariffs which every other country had adopted made similar protection seem necessary in Great Britain, and they therefore cast their vocal vote for that thing which, as merchants, they disliked, but as loyal citizens and well-wishers they believed to be the best for the country. It now remained for the manufacturer to accept the aid which the tariff would give him and develop in his business even greater enterprise and industrial energy, with the determination to win back as much as was humanly possible of the business which changed conditions of the after-war years had taken away. The company's buyers and representatives reported a splendid response in many manufacturing centres to that opportunity, and, while 90 per cent. or more of their great stocks had heretofore been made up of merchandise of British manufacture, that percentage was now likely to be decidedly increased.

During the past year, in almost every great distributing business in the world, the annual turnover had failed to equal that of 1930. The average loss for America was put at 17.2 per cent., and in Germany there was a decrease of 14.7 per cent. In London (West) a decrease was reported in turnover of 8 per cent. The decrease in returns of Selfridge and Co. was much less than that figure, and their floor area had not been increased over 1930. While showing that comparatively small decrease in turnover, they had served nearly 400,000 more customers; they had opened many thousands of new book accounts, had established new high records in numbers and amount in mail orders, in numbers of parcels delivered throughout Metropolitan London, etc. All of these records, while demonstrating a continual growth in the popularity of the business, went to prove the decrease of the customers' buying strength and the lower prices ruling in practically every class of merchandise. The net profit was £400,269, and they declared a dividend of 8 per cent. on the ordinary shares.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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All the courses will be completed before 18th June. Academic qualifications will not be required for admission. The fee for the series of nine courses will be six guineas; but single courses may be taken at fees varying from 15/- to 25/-. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Secretary of the School, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2.

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The cost of the Service is 8/6 and includes four Memoranda to be issued from May to December, 1932. Copies are not sold separately. Cheques should be made payable to the "Birmingham Bureau of Research," and all communications addressed to the Secretary, Russian Department, the University, Birmingham.

The following Memoranda have already appeared:

May 1931,	No. 1.	Remarks on the Five Year Plan.
July 1931,	No. 2.	The Foreign Trade of the U.S.S.R.
Nov. 1931,	No. 3.	The National Income of the U.S.S.R.
Feb. 1932,	No. 4.	The Balance of Payments and the Foreign Debt of the U.S.S.R.

The four numbers already issued can be obtained at the cost of 10/6.

opinion of the car on superficial first acquaintance is more than favourable. There is nothing unorthodox about its mechanical features, but its appearance is quite exceptionally pleasant, and the body capacity, allowing for one or two production modifications, is good. Moreover, the engine is large for the horse-power rating; its 944 c.c. rank it with the 9 h.p. class, rather with the nominal eights, or with the true baby sevens, against which it will have to be sold. The tax is £8. The maximum speed is given as 55 m.p.h., so the extra capacity is not utilised to provide excessive speed, but is presumably exploited to furnish smooth running and long life. The lines are rather cleverly endued with a suggestion of "flare," which eliminates the usual snubnosed appearance of a tiny car; a stumpy bonnet, backed by rather a large boxlike saloon, is never beautiful. The Ford has a slight backward slope to its radiator, the base of which is thrust forward like an aggressive chin. This flare is balanced by the bonnet, door, screen and roof lines, and the total effect is to destroy snubbiness, and add a suggestion of eagerness. Men may smile at appearance questions, but appearance sells as many cars as any other single factor; and a handsome baby is a rarity in the motor car industry. The doors are very wide, and reach down to the sideboards. The near-side front seat tips up, and automatically slides forward when it is tipped, so that good entry is provided for the stern seats. These are tolerably wide; there is good headroom, and footwells are sunk on each side of the driving shaft, Riley-fashion.

The engine follows normal practice, having side valves in a detachable head, whilst the cylinder block is cast integral with the upper half of the crankcase. The crankshaft has three sizable bearings. The lubrication is by splash to the gudgeon pins, but forced to the more heavily stressed shafts. Pistons of aluminium alloy are furnished with scraper rings. There is a hot spot on the pipe manifold, and the petrol tank is set in the dash, as is usual on small cars. This is rather a disappointment, as small cars are more easily upset than large cars, and a rear petrol tank reduces the risk of fire in a capsize. Thermo-syphon circulation of the water is assisted by a belt-driven fan, and the same belt drives the dynamo. It is the fashion to decry belt-driven auxiliaries, but they are probably ideal on cheap cars, as they are very reliable when the belt is run in, and in addition to maintaining their silence in prolonged use, are both cheap and easy to repair. Rubber inserts figure in the mounting of the power unit and of the steering.

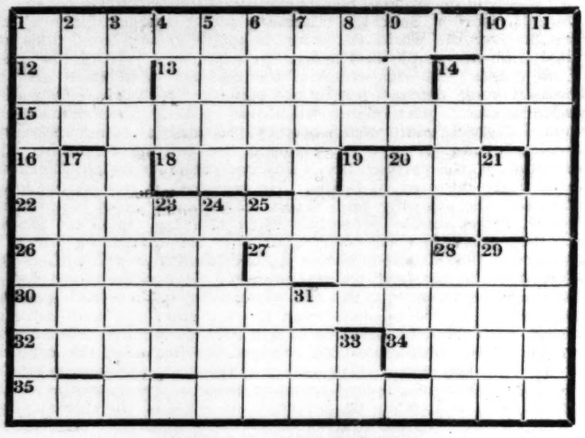
The transmission is by a three-speed gear box with a synchromesh change, which will arouse great joy in the many novices who will drive the car. The bottom gear is low enough to climb any hill in reason, and reverse is even lower. The springing is by transverse half-elliptics, stayed and damped; it will be interesting to discover whether this rather unusual system presents any special merits for very small cars. The wheelbase is 7ft. 6in., and the track 3ft. 8in., whilst the fuel consumption is given as forty-three miles to the gallon. In considering the price, it is necessary to remember that £120 is the figure quoted for a two-door saloon, and that some reduction is possible on open two-seated and four-seated bodies, though such reductions can hardly be large enough to create a new standard in prices. In any case, the saloon is the best seller in this field. It should not be necessary to remind readers that the car is to be a Dagenham production, and must, therefore, be ranked as British.

To sum up, though the car is probably as good as any of its predecessors in the class, and possibly better looking than all of them, it is in no sense revolutionary. The prophets thought or feared that Henry Ford was going to put all our small cars out of date. As it is, he has merely given his numerous and powerful agents a chance to annex their share of the baby car trade. In the past their customers have been forced to go elsewhere, for Ford's selling policy has usually tied his retailers to sell Fords only. If an agent sees his local rivals making money by selling a line which he is prevented from handling, he grows restive and discontented. Moreover, in the present distress, baby cars are easier to sell than any rival type. The new 8 h.p. Ford is therefore a commercial expedient, rather than a technical advance. It will seize its share of new markets, and diminish other people's grip on existing markets. If it is pushed on the Continent, the existing Ford organisation will make serious inroads into the sales of such licensed copies of the Austin Seven as the Dixie and Rosengart. But it tells us nothing which we did not already know, and it admits that even Ford cannot improve on the work done by men like Morris and Austin in this field.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



"ONLY A LITTLE ONE"

ACROSS

1. Our concerts do not often belie our name.
12. This age is a distorted one.
13. Pedant's gas.
14. My ward is apt to be troublesome.
15. Facilitated by Burke and Hare.
16. Just any old sort of agent.
18. Return of a "rich and popular" country gentleman.
19. To do this is to-day regarded as unmannerly.
22. These plants evidently eschew prudery.
26. More important on the ocean than in Fleet Street.
27. Associated with vernal bloom.
30. Might describe the Opposition front bench.
32. Mr. Tree as a baby.
34. What would he say to the Import Duties Bill?
35. This is how the waters come down at Lodore.
3. How a Business Man does things.
4. This cleric has the reverse of Dr. Jekyll's personality.
5. Goddess who might be "jugged."
6. One gets bilious after.
7. Stump speaker.
8. I'll put you to sleep, if you'll get on in.
9. Refuse.
10. A mix-up for Louis XIII.
11. In a manner suggestive of angular rotation.
14. Artistic medium unknown to Aeschylus.
17. Good for shoe-leather.
19 *rev.* Greatest of Shakespearean villains.
20. Not done in the ball-room now.
21. Inside a prophetess' veil.
23 *rev.* Part of a princely motto.
24. An authority on agriculture.
25. Accident on a French railway.
28 *rev.* Turned in the end for this young lady.
29 *rev.* My land has been commemorated in verse.
31 Handle one with caution.
33. Before be a mockery.

DOWN

1. Not found in the cells at Dartmoor.
2. Bring this into the garden, Maud.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. prearrange. 9. add. 11. Orrery. 14. nearby. 17. Laud. 18. uttermost. 19. snappy *rev.* 20. ideal. 21. bi(son). 22. Hymen. 24. acoustic. 28. Emir *rev.* 29. yelp. 30. N.S. (new style). 31. ass *rev.* 32. datum. 35. motor-tig *rev.* 37. re (R.E.) 38. ariem (Marie). 39. (r)ie(n). 40. Reno. 41. Oreads. 42. acacias. 44. Cole. 45. ex (a miner). 46. Slade.

DOWN.—1. polyhedron. 2. Parr (Katherine). 3. impure *rev.* 4. Styr(ian) *rev.* 5. anticlimax. 6. need. 7. gare. 8. erma (mare). 10. Dys(on). 12. Reade *rev.* ("*Hard Cash*"). 13. Runnymede. 15. bolt. 16. Utica. 21. bison. 23. creamy *rev.* 24. aegis. 25. optics. 26. unreal. 27. across *rev.* 31. diets *rev.* 33. eat *rev.* (tea). 34. Ural. 36. Mose. 43. 'AE.'

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

The Recto has seven daughters: Ada, Beryl, Clara, Dorothy, Evelyn, Frances and Grace.

Christmas presents are sent by each of them to one or more of the same seven young men.

Ada sends the greatest number of presents; Beryl the next greatest number; Grace the smallest number.

Paul receives the greatest number of presents; George the next greatest number; Richard the smallest number.

It is known that George, Henry, Albert and James receive presents from Ada; that George, Henry and Charles receive presents from Beryl; and that Charles and James receive presents from Clara.

Seventeen presents are sent in all.

From which of the seven girls does Paul receive them?

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Mr. South sits West, and Mr. East is his partner.

The Three Red Balls.—Correct solutions received from: Sir M. S. Amos, B. Brewster, A. F. Birley, S. H. J. Cox, A. L. J., John Procter, J. D. A. Salt, G. L. Thomas.

Arsenal v. *United.*—This puzzle was correctly solved by J. H. Mawson and G. Bennett Gibbs; by R. M. G. MacDonald; and by J. A. Osler.

CALIBAN.

COMPANY MEETING

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

MR. J. M. KEYNES' ADDRESS

The annual general meeting of the National Mutual Life Assurance Society was held on Wednesday last at 39, King Street, E.C.2. Mr. J. M. Keynes, C.B., chairman of the Society, presiding, said:—

The new assurance business which we obtained in 1931, following upon a record year, showed a modest falling off at £705,979 *net*. Our expense ratio at 13.7 per cent., compared with 14.7 per cent. in the previous year, showed a very satisfactory reduction, though this was caused to some extent by the smaller amount of new business transacted. The gross rate of interest earned was £5 11s. 1d. per cent., a rate satisfactory in itself but not quite so good as in the previous year, owing partly to a transfer of resources from ordinary shares to gilt-edged securities. As a consequence of our unusually small holdings of Foreign Bonds the loss of interest due to defaults was negligible, amounting to about 1 per cent. of our total interest receipts.

Owing to our decision not to make an actuarial valuation on this occasion, a matter to which I will return in a few minutes, the usual valuation of our Stock Exchange securities at their market values on December 31st, 1931, does not appear in the report which you have received. But the decision to postpone the actuarial valuation is no reason for altering our practice, long established in our case, though there are many offices which do not follow it, of stating annually the market valuation of our assets. During the year 1931 our depreciation and realised loss combined were equal to 15.8 per cent. of the mean fund invested in Stock Exchange securities, or 11.8 per cent. of the mean total assets. These figures leave out of account both the carry-forward at the end of 1930 and the trading profit of 1931. The principal changes in the distribution of our securities between different classes of investments have been a reduction of our ordinary shares from 16.2 per cent. to 14.3 per cent. of the total assets, and an increase of British Government securities from 15.8 per cent. to 18.8 per cent. Our holdings of Foreign Government and Municipal securities are, as I have said, very small at 4.3 per cent. Our investments in the United States have never been large, and were 5.1 per cent. at the beginning of the year and 5.3 per cent. at the end.

The past year has been, of course, one of extraordinary anxiety for all those concerned with the safe investment of large funds. The actual degree of depreciation suffered by every class of security has been unprecedented. Moreover, our difficulties have been considerably increased by the "badness" of markets, in the sense that it has often proved impracticable to carry out desired changes of investments, whether by buying or selling, at the ostensible market price, or sometimes even at any reasonable figure. It has been, in particular, a testing time for a Society such as our which has been a pioneer of methods of investment approaching more closely to those of an investment trust than is the case with most life offices; which holds an unusually large proportion of its funds in market securities subject to a fluctuating valuation, as compared with mortgages, for example, the book value of which is kept unchanged irrespective of market conditions; which has always taken pride in stating the exact market value of its investments, and which, therefore, has had no concealed investment reserve bhind which the Board could take refuge in bad times.

How have we emerged from this test? In comparison with leading investment trusts we have certainly done extremely well, with a much lower percentage of depreciation than the typical trust company. A comparison with the average of the life offices can, unfortunately, never be made, since too few of them state exact figures of the market value of their investments at the end of each year. But I should suppose that we have done slightly worse than the average, since one would expect the market valuation of investments distributed as ours are to be somewhat lower, at the bottom—or at what one hopes may be near the bottom—of the greatest industrial slump in history, than that of a holding in which ordinary shares are a much smaller proportion and mortgages and properties a much larger proportion of the whole. Nor need this disturb us. For if the slump continues, no kind of asset, however insensitive its nominal valuation may be over a short period, will escape calamity in the end; while if recovery comes the former relative valuations will be restored. Moreover, it may be considered a point in favour of our policy under existing conditions that we should be holding a fair proportion of ordinary shares which represent "real" values, reduced, though it is, from the figure of two years ago. At a moment of extreme deflation, such as the present, when commodity prices are at so low a level that a substantial recovery in them, sooner or later, is the only alternative to a widespread default of obligations expressed in terms of money, our holding of ordinary shares represents, for the policy holder who has committed his savings to our care, a stake in the future recovery of things—failing which all invetsments alike will lose their basis of security—which should prove valuable when the recovery comes. Meanwhile, it is remarkable how comparatively little our holding of ordinary shares has affected the final results even in present conditions. Our aggregate depreciation on Stock Exchange securities amounted, as I have said, to 15.8 per cent., whilst the depreciation on our fixed interest securities amounted to 13.5 per cent. so that, if we had held no ordinary shaers at all, the depreciation would have been less by little more than 2 per cent.

As a more absolute test it is interesting to compare the results with those shown by the leading index numbers of security prices. Taking the Actuaries' Index as the most comprehensive and modern index available, we may make the following comparison:—

	Actuaries' Index. Per cent.	National Mutual. Per cent.
Fixed Interest Securities ..	12	13.5
Ordinary Shares	23.3	24.9

This comparison, however, does less than justice to our position since the Actuaries' price indexes do not purport to cover the whole field of investments in which the funds of typical British institutions have been placed. In particular they include no Foreign Bonds, the losses on which last year were particularly severe; so that we get no credit for our small holdings of these bonds and our avoidance of loss in respect of them. Nor in regard to Ordinary shares is the comparison adequate, since the Actuaries' Index, being limited to concerns operating at least partially in this country, takes no account of the much heavier depreciation suffered by shares of an international character. Lastly, they include no American securities, and therefore fail to reflect the catastrophic fall in their values.

Looking back on the year's operations, we could, of course, have saved depreciation by a wholesale disposal of our Ordinary shares and lng-dated fixed interest securities, reinvesting the proceeds in short-dated securities such as Treasury Bills. But, even apart from the fact that such a course would have resulted in a certain loss in interest yield of at least 2 per cent. per annum, it would have remained a gamble whether we could have got back again into permanent investments at just the right moment. Indeed, I am sure that this is not a course which an institution ought to pursue which depends on earning a satisfactory rate of interest over a long period of years. My own candid opinion, for what it is worth, may be summed up by saying that we might, with a little better luck or a little better management, have suffered 2 per cent. less in depreciation, but that, in view of the universal character of the collapse in values, we could not by any reasonably practicable selection of securities, compatible with general long-term policy and the maintenance of our interest income, have done much better than that.

I now turn to the actuarial side. As regards the postponement of our actuarial valuation, I need not add much to what I said at the Special General Meeting at which this course was approved by the members. But the root of the matter is one of great importance to all life offices. The difficulty lies in combining on the one side conventional and rigid methods of valuation and distribution, which take little or no account of changing circumstances, and on the other, highly sensitive methods of valuation, easily affected by the circumstances of the moment. But a conventional valuation of liabilities on one side and an actual valuation of assets on the other may lead to highly misleading results. I am not sure that an awareness of this has not sometimes given actuaries a bias in favour of assets which lend themselves to a conventional valuation because, as there is no published market price for such assets, no obligation is felt to change their book value at every breath of wind that blows upon the Stock Exchange. The illogical consequences of the prevalent methods are best illustrated by what happens when there is a change in the rate of interest, assuming that capital changes are shown in the revenue account. A fall in the rate of interest actually earned narrows the margin between the actual rate and the assumed conventional rate, i.e., it weakens the basis of valuation. But as in normal circumstances it is accompanied by an appreciation in the market value of fixed interest securities, it increases the carry forward, and thus increases the ostensible strength. On the other hand, a rise in the rate of interest has the opposite effect. It strengthens the valuation, but diminishes the ostensible strength by lessening the carry forward. I have no solution to offer for this dilemma, but I commend it to the continued attention of the insurance world.

I have sometimes ventured at these meetings on some general remarks on the economic situation. This year I find myself moving uneasily between a cautious optimism when I consider the position of this country, and a very helpless pessimism when I look abroad. Great Britain to-day is decidedly the most prosperous country in the world, and here the trend seems to me to be slightly in the right direction. But this is not saying much. It is a relief to see the United States at last taking measures to quieten their financial panic. But it is a long step from that to industrial prosperity. As I have said elsewhere, the outstanding difference between the problem of to-day and the problem of a year ago arises out of a financial crisis having been superimposed meanwhile upon the industrial crisis. To-day it is, of course, an indispensable preliminary that we should relieve the financial crisis. Unless the really desperate situation in Central Europe upsets things, it is legitimate to hope that the first steps in this direction have now been taken. But to me it is unthinkable that we can step straight from the relief of the financial crisis to the relief of the industrial crisis without a cheap money phase intervening. As soon as we have found our feet again and feel ourselves masters of our own position, and with our power of international initiative regained, I hope that we shall move with courage to the relief of international credit, lending boldly and ourselves expanding boldly. For that will be by far the safest course, and will offer the best chance of salving the immense sums which we have embarked in foreign investment in former years. The pre-war gold standard worked, because it was in truth a sterling standard. When gold went off sterling last September it doomed itself as a currency, at least for the time being. We have been forced, it is true, to step down for the moment from the position of international leadership in finance. But our place has not been taken by anyone else, and I feel confident that, unless we lack the pluck, we shall soon be strong enough to resume our old position with the heightened prestige of holding it in virtue of having surmounted present difficulties and not merely as an inheritance of past accomplishment.

The report and accounts were adopted.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE GILT-EDGED BOOM—CONVERSION OF 5% WAR LOAN—OIL SHARES—STOCK EXCHANGE REFORM

SOME people are amazed, and even pained, by the present boom in British Government funds. As long as there is the possibility of a moratorium being declared by Germany—which would mean that the Bank of England and the joint stock banks would have to come openly to the assistance of certain acceptance houses in London—it is considered unwise, if not indelicate, to stage a boom in the gilt-edged market. At any moment—according to the conservative view—the days of rejoicing over cheaper money, an improving exchange, and the rush from gold to paper, may have to be succeeded by a day of sackcloth and ashes—a period of mourning over the loss of "good names" in the London discount market. I appreciate this point of view but I cannot sympathise with it. The deportment of the gilt-edged market may be as unseemly as that of riders in Rotten Row (seen through the Victorian spectacles of Sir Walter Gilbey), but it is entirely logical. The National Government began with one idea—that in the interests of the fixed-income classes (wage-earners and rentiers), the purchasing power of the pound must be maintained at all costs—meaning at the cost of severe deflation. Now that Free Trade is dead and a rise in internal prices is inevitable—unless the purchasing power of the individual is to be abolished altogether—the new Protectionist Government appears to be motived by the next best idea—that the purchasing power of the rentier classes must be maintained at all costs, meaning at the cost of 6d. off the income tax. It is obvious that the purchasing power of the wage-earning classes cannot be maintained, for these will have to pay for the tariffs by paying so much more for their goods in the retail shops. Lord Snowden has declared that this is a breach of the "equality of sacrifice" conditions under which the Economy Act was passed. (Had he been informed of further indirect taxation to relieve the direct tax payer?) But Lord Snowden is in a minority and the gilt-edged market is surely right (if somewhat cynical) in ignoring him and voting for 6d. off the income tax.

* * *

If the market had the courage to push up the prices of long-dated Government stocks to a 4½ per cent. basis on two occasions when the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the Mr. Philip Snowden who hated indirect and loved direct taxation, what could it not do under a Chancellor who proposes to lower direct taxation and increase indirect? Surely it is entitled to say: "This Government is a Government after our own heart. We will award it the prize of a 4 per cent. credit." So it is not impossible that the prices of the long-dated stocks in the present boom in the gilt-edged market may beat the record high levels of 1931 and make a conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan on to a 4 per cent. basis practicable. The following table shows the extent of the rise in the current movement and the highest prices touched in 1931:—

	Price February 10th.	Buying Price March 2nd.	Highest Price 1931.	Flat Yields %* As on March 2nd.
Consols, 4%	84¼	92¼	97	£4 7 4
Conversion, 3½%	75⅛	81⅛	85⅛	£4 6 1
Funding, 4%, 1960–90	86⅛	95	97⅞	£4 5 5
Victory Bonds, 4% (by 1976)	93¼	96⅞	98⅞	£4 2 10
Local Loans, 3%	62	67¼xd	70⅛	£4 9 7

* Allowing for accrued interest.

Five per cent. War Loan, as I write, has touched 100⅞.

* * *

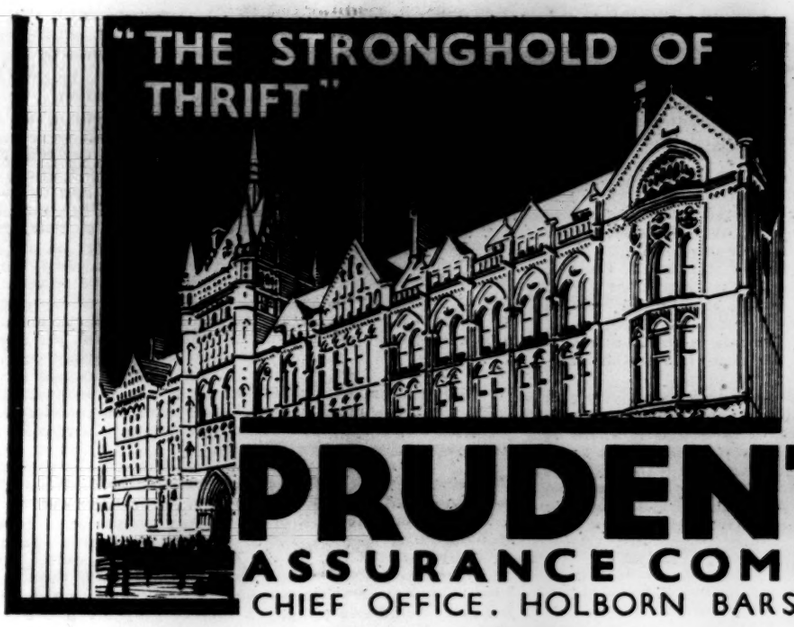
The recent buying on the London Stock Exchange of such speculative securities as oil shares can only be attributed to the Continental demand for claims on sterling. It is not justified by any change in the oil situation. The production of crude oil in America is falling under the pressure of voluntary restriction, but the important, and unpromising, fact is that the consumption of petrol has begun to decline rapidly this year. Commercial consumption of petrol is lower on account of the trade depression while thousands of private motor users in America and Europe have not renewed their car licences this January. Yet so great is the competition among the small oil refiners in America that the crude oil "runs" to refinery stills have not been reduced as they should have been. Gasoline (petrol) stocks in America are therefore rising steadily and prices are weak. If the position of the oil producers has improved, that of the marketing combines has deteriorated. The Standard Oil Companies are trying desperately to increase their trade outside America. In the face of this threat, the Royal Dutch-Shell and Anglo-Persian companies have pooled their marketing organisations in Great Britain as they have already done in the East. These facts afford little reason for a speculative purchase of Royal Dutch or Shell Transport, but on Continental buying these shares have been steadily rising. A dividend will no doubt be paid in respect of 1931 by the Royal Dutch-Shell combine and by the Anglo-Persian Oil, but in view of prevailing conditions, it must be of a conservative nature. I should be surprised if more than 10 per cent. is declared. The yields returnable on this dividend basis at present market prices are extremely low. Royal Dutch since February 1st have risen from 15¾ to 19¼. Shell from 2⅛ to 2½.

* * *

The reform of the Stock Exchange is a very delicate matter. We know that at the least sign of interference from outside the snail retires into her shell. So it is with the gasteropod Stock Exchange. This peculiar institution is a self-constituted and privately-owned club devoted to the marketing of securities in certain old-fashioned buildings in Throgmorton Street. It is peculiar because its members do not own the club premises. The premises are owned by the shareholders of the Stock Exchange and not all the shareholders are members. Over 14 per cent. of the shares are in the hands of non-members who are contributing nothing to the club either in work or in payment of fees. Moreover, the entrance fees and subscriptions of members, after providing for all maintenance expenses, go into the pockets of shareholders by way of dividends. For example, in the year 1930-31 receipts were £433,447, expenditure £171,292, leaving net profits of £262,155. Dividends (£13 per share, £36 paid) absorbed £260,000. In the last fourteen years it will be found that entrance fees and subscriptions have been increased three times and the resulting profits have been distributed up to the hilt and more. In other words, millions of pounds have been paid away in dividends to shareholders which might have been used to enhance the credit and increase the usefulness of members of the Stock Exchange in their capacity as servants of the investing public. To give one example: no part of the profits has ever been applied in the creation of a Guarantee Fund to protect the public against losses due to the failure or defalcation of a member. If a widow were to sell her inherited securities through a broker who is "hammered" at the end of the account, she may lose all her money and has no redress against the Stock Exchange as a body. So the interests of members as shareholders are made to clash with their interests as working members of the Stock Exchange, which is preposterous and absurd.

* * *

The reason why this anomaly has been tolerated for so long is that the Stock Exchange cannot speak with one voice. It has two governing bodies—the Trustees and Managers representing the shareholders, and the Committee for General Purposes representing the members—each tied down to an out-of-date Constitution. The Trustees and Managers by virtue of a Deed of Settlement of 1875 are compelled to carry on the Stock Exchange as a commercial undertaking—for the exploitation of buildings in Throgmorton Street. The Committee for General Purposes, which regulates the working business of members, has no fund at its disposal for any purpose whatsoever. The scrapping of this absurd Deed of Settlement is long overdue, but, as I have hinted, reform must come from within. A movement for reform was begun in 1918 and went on until 1920, when a vast majority of members voted for the abolition of "dual control." The rising, however, was squashed by a vote of shareholders on the advice of the Trustees and Managers. But by the grace of God the spirit of reform never dies. The 1920 "anti-dual control" Committee, consisting of old and respected members of the "House," has set to work again and is asking members to vote on the question whether they want the Constitution reviewed in order to obtain unity of control and interests. The 1920 scheme of reform provided that the buildings and the whole of the rights and interests of the Stock Exchange should be vested in the members, that one elected body should be in sole and absolute control, and that the funds available should be used entirely for the benefit of the Stock Exchange as a national institution in the interests of the investing public. This is a first step in the right direction. Next must come the grant of a Charter (on terms) by the State, the abolition of half-commissions and the half-commission tout, the lowering of charges to the public, and good-bye to that ridiculous advertisement which declares that members must not advertise.



THE
PRUDENTIAL
ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.
CHIEF OFFICE. HOLBORN BARS. LONDON. E.C.I.

EXTRACTS FROM THE EIGHTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER 1931

ORDINARY BRANCH

NEW SUMS ASSURED	£20,269,138
TOTAL SUMS ASSURED AND BONUS	£212,885,725
PREMIUMS RECEIVED	£12,170,289
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	£10,281,770
POLICYHOLDERS' SHARE OF PROFITS	£1,798,537

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH

NEW SUMS ASSURED	£67,853,255
TOTAL SUMS ASSURED AND BONUS	£499,737,013
PREMIUMS RECEIVED	£18,804,288
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	£11,187,160
POLICYHOLDERS' SHARE OF PROFITS	£2,475,818

GENERAL BRANCH

PREMIUMS RECEIVED	£2,070,765
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	£1,112,938

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS IN 1931 - £22,581,868

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED **£255,000,000** | TOTAL CLAIMS PAID EXCEED **£380,000,000**

(COPIES OF CHAIRMAN'S' SPEECH AND DIRECTORS' REPORT SENT ON APPLICATION)

COMPANY MEETING

THE UNDERGROUND

LORD ASHFIELD'S ADDRESS

The Annual General Meetings of the Metropolitan District Railway Company, London Electric Railway Company, City and South London Railway Company, Central London Railway Company, London General Omnibus Co., Ltd., Metropolitan Electric Tramways, Ltd., London United Tramways, Ltd., South Metropolitan Electric Tramways and Lighting Co., Ltd., London and Suburban Traction Co., Ltd., and Underground Electric Railways Company of London, Ltd., were held on Thursday, 25th February, at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Ashfield, in the course of his speech, said:

A rapidly accelerating fall in the volume of traffic has led to the total number of passengers, carried by the several Companies represented here, falling by 28 millions. As spread over the whole year, the fall is relatively small, amounting to 1.2 per cent. only.

An analysis of our railway traffics, station by station, for the last three months of the year shows that in the working-class areas, although unemployment in London has almost doubled in volume over the year, the fall in passengers is only 2 per cent.

In the once wealthier residential areas the fall in traffic amounts to 8 per cent. At stations which serve the main line railway terminals the fall in traffic amounts to 7 per cent.

Directly and indirectly, your Companies with their subsidiary and associated companies have been responsible in 1931 for an aggregate traffic movement of 2,646 millions of passengers, which is 15 millions less than it was a year ago, a drop of less than 1 per cent. The share which you have in the traffic of Greater London as a whole has nevertheless risen slightly to 63 per cent., because whatever your setback may have been that of other local passenger transport undertakings has been greater, though this is, maybe, a poor consolation to you.

GREEN LINE COACHES

We have sought to take our part in the new demand of the public for motor-coach services by the establishment and development of such services by a subsidiary company of the London General Omnibus Company, Green Line Coaches Limited, which provides services equivalent, as closely in all respects as may be, to private car services.

Throughout the year we have operated 25 routes into or across Central London from and to points on the outer fringe from 25 to 30 miles away and have carried over 12½ million passengers.

Two-thirds of all the passengers carried on weekdays entered the central area of London, and over one-half entered the area which there is an attempt to close entirely. It is not necessary that I should do more than state the facts at this moment, for the whole question of motor-coach traffic in London has been referred to a committee who will have an opportunity of advising the Minister of Transport as to what they think should be done to meet this new demand.

Meanwhile, we have lodged appeals against the decisions of the several Area Traffic Commissioners, under which licences for some of our coach routes have been refused, and can only affirm that co-ordination of transport must mean the co-ordination of the express coach with its limited stops and of the ordinary omnibus stopping on request, both running over the same roads.

The Traffic Receipts for the Common Fund Companies have decreased by £291,000 in round figures. As against this decrease, there is a decrease in expenditure of £244,000. Throughout 1931 we have indeed jealously watched our expenditure, knowing that we could not count from month to month upon our traffic receipts being maintained at the old level, but there has been no attempt to secure reductions in expenditure at the sacrifice of the services offered to the public. Rather we have looked to secure savings from the improvements, which have been introduced in 1931 and previously.

The gross revenue of the Common Fund Companies in 1931 amounted to £16,547,759. The balance which is available for dividends upon the Ordinary Stocks and Shares amounts to £1,026,768, or 6.2 per cent. of the Gross Revenue.

Small as is this share which the ordinary stockholders have in the gross revenue of the undertakings, it is upon them that the risk of success or failure eventually falls. The returns which they have received in the past have been less than moderate, for only in the last three years have they obtained dividends which approach a reasonable rate of interest upon their capital.

BURDEN OF TAXATION

When I look back over these figures there is one item of expenditure which startles me by its magnitude and which we can least of all influence. I refer to taxation. Even allowing for the exigencies of the times, it is surely unreasonable to find that motor omnibuses of the standard London type are taxed to the extent of £373 per vehicle per annum. This requires the fares of nearly two and a half passengers for every mile that the omnibuses travel.

Last year the full brunt of the increased tax on petrol, imposed in the year, was not felt. For the present year the total petrol tax will amount roundly to £1,000,000 for the London General Omnibus Company alone, and the full burden of taxation, local and national, to be met by the Common Fund Companies will be almost £1,800,000.

Taxation has indeed become the most grievous element in our budget.

It is one that we can do nothing to lessen, for I doubt whether we could, by any alteration in our fares and charges, pass this burden on to the shoulders of the travelling public. In my judgment it amounts in the aggregate to a far greater burden than can equitably be imposed upon this group of Companies, which are supplying public needs, are exercising all possible economies in their expenditure, and are paying most modest dividends.

POLICY WITH REGARD TO STAFF

As a consequence of the fall in our net revenues, we have reluctantly been compelled to change our policy with regard to the staff. This led to the dismissal of 377 members of the staff towards the close of 1931, and to the further dismissal of 188 since. It is with considerable regret that the management have had to have recourse to this means of partially redressing the balance of your affairs.

We have also had to notify the Trade Unions that, in our view, some deduction must be made in the earnings of our employees. Our proposals have been framed with moderation. We have suggested a temporary deduction of 2½ per cent. from all earnings, with a further deduction of 2½ per cent. from all earnings over 40s. per week with an understanding that no deduction shall be made which brings the earnings of an adult below 40s. per week.

Then there is a still further deduction of 2½ per cent. in respect of all earnings over £750 per annum. This proposal is to apply to all employees including officers and directors, and arrangements are being made to consult personally all those members of the staff who are not covered by Trade Union agreements. The policy of reducing wage earnings is distasteful to us.

We admit the difficulty of the position and the unpleasantness of the demand which we are compelled to make, but we rely upon the fair-mindedness and long-sightedness of all concerned.

The interim dividends of the railway companies in June were paid at half the rate applicable to the year 1930, and the balance now available is sufficient to pay dividends in the case of the railways at ½ per cent. less for the year. In the case of the Omnibus Company the interim dividend was 3½ per cent., free of tax, and the balance is sufficient to pay a further 3¼ per cent., free of tax, so that the dividend for the year is 1¼ per cent. less than for 1930.

These reduced dividends should, I submit, be accepted as favourable, having regard to the general state of affairs. I am bound to add that I think it will be difficult in the uncertainties of the future to maintain them, for the decline in traffic receipts still continues.

Satisfactory progress is being made with the new extensions, and it is anticipated that the bulk of them will be brought into use during the year. They will, we hope, begin to earn a margin of revenue towards their cost while contributing something towards the earnings of the existing railways. They should prove a stimulus to Underground travel generally.

Referring to the Companies in the London and Suburban Traction Group, the chairman continued: These mainly relate to tramways. The year 1931 has shown little change in their position. Yet the first substantial step has been taken to modernise and re-equip them.

I will now pass to the parent Company, the Underground Electric Railways Company of London Limited. The net income for the year was £1,193,697, or only £25,364 less than it was a year ago. The interim dividend paid on the ordinary shares was at the rate of 3 per cent., and the balance now available is sufficient to pay a final dividend at the rate of 4 per cent., making altogether 7 per cent. for the year, as against 8 per cent. in 1930, with a small addition of about £16,000 to the amount carried forward to another year.

OUTLOOK FOR 1932

The results for the year, while disappointing to us, are better than at one moment we expected, but unfortunately the factors which operated to depress our fortunes in 1931 still continue to operate in 1932. The record of 1931 shows that they gathered momentum towards the close of the year. We therefore start the year 1932 at a disadvantage, and I should be concealing from you the true position of your affairs if I did not warn you that, if these factors continue unabated, the results for 1932 cannot be as good as those for 1931.

We shall take all such steps as are at our disposal to prevent any further decline in your fortunes, but the future and its prospects are largely out of our hands. We hope, as you all hope, that measures which are now being taken will tend to increase the commercial and industrial prosperity of our country, to alleviate the crushing burden of taxation, and to encourage enterprise and effort. If that proves to be so, our anxiety will be allayed, for the revival of industry must inevitably have a beneficial reaction upon our undertakings.

Referring to the London Passenger Transport Bill, the chairman said: The change of Government which ensued upon the national crisis affected the fortunes of the Bill, upon which, however, the proceedings can be resumed in the present Parliament at the stage at which they were discontinued in the last, if a Motion to that effect is proposed by a Minister of the Crown and passed by the House of Commons.

There I must for the moment leave the matter, only remarking that I hold as strongly as ever that there can be no true and permanent solution of the problem of London passenger transport without a unification of ownership, administration and finance, in capable and independent business hands, extending to all the local passenger transport undertakings within a widely defined London Traffic Area.

The chairman then referred to the deaths of Lord Knutsford and Mr. Joel, and paid a tribute to the late Sir Edgar Speyer.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted by the proprietors of the several companies.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	DIRTY WORK.	Wed. & Fri.
DUKE OF YORK'S.	The IRON WOMAN.	M., Th.
FORTUNE.	FIRE.	Wed., Sat.
GAIETY.	HOLD MY HAND.	Wed., Sat.
GLOBE.	PUNCHINELLO.	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	BOW BELLS.	Daily.
QUEEN'S	THE IMMORTAL HOUR.	W., S.
SAVOY.	PAULETTE.	Th., Sat.
STRAND.	IT'S A GIRL.	Thurs. & Sat.
WESTMINSTER.	1st Mat., Sat., Mar. 12. TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.	
WYNDHAM'S.	THE GREEN PACK.	Wed., Sat.

OPERAS

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 9437.) NIGHTLY at 8.30.
Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (For 3 Weeks Only.)
THE IMMORTAL HOUR.
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES,
W. Johnstone-Douglas, Arthur Cranmer, Bruce Flegg.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404. Mon., March 7 at 8.15.
Subs. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.3
RALPH LYNN in
DIRTY WORK.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar. 3161.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
WHITE HORSE INN.
At 2.30 and 8.15. (April 9th Last Night.)

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5122.
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Information from Hon. Sec. British Sexological Society, 4 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

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